



*Euerie Woman in her  
Humor.*

*Enter Flania as a Prologue.*



Comrades of both sexes, and all sortes, I am sent to bid yee welcome, I am but insteade of a Prologue: for a she prologue is as rare as an Vsurers Almes: *non reperitur in usu*, and the rather I come woman, because men are apt to take kindlye any kinde thing at a womans hand; and wee poore soules are but too kinde, if we be kindly intreated, marry otherwise, there I make my *Apopsioesis*: the Author hath indeede made me an honest merrie wench, one of his humorists, yet I am so much beholding to him, I cannot get mee a husband in his play that's worthe the hauing, vnlesse I be better halfe of the sutor my selfe: and hauing imposed this audacity on me, he sends me hither first for exercise I come among ye all: these are the Contentes, that you would heare with patience, iudge with lenity, and correct with smiles, for the which our endeauours shall shew it selfe like a tall fellow in action: if vve shall ioyne hands, a bargain.

As a lowely earnest, I giue this curtesie before,  
And in conceite I giue ye twenty more.

A 2

*Enter*

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*Enter Accutus and Gracchus.*

*Gra.* Nay, but *Accutus*, prethee what mis-shapen vizard of Melancholly hast thou mask't thy selfe in? thou lookst as thou wer't changing thy religion: what? is there a breach in thy Faith? come, declare, and let me set thy wits on worke, to amend it.

*Act.* Ha ha ha!

*Gra.* Pretty: a man's well aduised to offer good counsell, and be laught at for his labour: we shall shortly haue no Counsellors but Physitians, I spend my breath to thee, and thou answerest me some halfe an houre after in a sembreue, or like to a Sexton with a Sobeit or Amen.

*Act.* Condemne my Stars then.

*Gra.* I should wrong am then, as thou dost with a false inditement, I know it tooke not, beeing at thy birth, thou hast bene merrie, thou hast sounded hoopes, swallowed whiffes, walkt late, worne fauours, scene whoresons: thou canst feele and vnderstand, come, thou hast bene a sinner: vnload, discharge, vtune, confesse, is venus dominatrix? art not in loue?

*Act.* Yes, I loue God and my neighbors.

*Gra.* Then either for Gods sake or thy Neighbors, or both, be smother, and participate, ist not some vnderlayer, some she Cammell that will beare as much of her belly, as three beastes on their backs? some Lanthorne-maker, Ile holdethy head: come, vp with't.

*Act.* Prethee I hate none, but heauen hate me if I be in loue with any.

*Gra.* Off with these clogs, then break prison, and get out of this melancholly Gaole, harke how the generall noise doth welcome from the Parthian wars, each spirit's iocund, fraught with glee, then wrong not thine with this dull meditation.

*Accut.* Oh!



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*Acnt.* Oh! how doe they then wrong my meditation? my thoughts are with themselves at a counsell, til with noise and thou with continuall talke, hast driven them to anonplus.

*Gra.* Then make me of thy counsell, and take my aduice, for ile take no denyall, Ile not leaue thee til the next new Almanackes be out of date: let him threaten the sharpest weather he can, in Saint *Smiths* week, or it snow on our Ladies face, ile not budge, ile be thy mid-wife til thou beest deliuered of this passion.

*Acnt.* Partake then, and giue me the beleefe: thinkst thou or knowst thou any of this opinion, that that moouing marish element, that swels and swages as it please the moone, to be in bignes equall to that solide lump that brings vs vp?

*Gra.* I was sure thou wert beyond the *Antipodes*: faith I am of that faith I was brought vp in, I haue heard my Father say, and i'me sure his Recordes came from his Father, that the Land and Sea are in nature thus much alike; the owne growes by the Sunne, the other by the Moone, both by Gods blessing; and the Sea rather the greater, and so thinke I.

*Acnt.* Good: there we haue a farther scope, and holde the sea, can (as a looking glasse) answer with a meere smile any moouing shape vppon the earth.

*Gra.* Nay, that's most certaine, I haue heard of Sea-horses, Sea-calues, and Sea-monsters.

*Acnt.* Oh, they are monstrous madde, merrie wenches, and they are monsters *Gracch*, they call them Sea-maides or Mermaides singing sweetelye, but none dares trust them, and are verie like our Land-wenches; denouring Serpents from the middle downward.

*Acnt.* Thou hast euen giuen me satisfaction: but hast thou this by prooffe?

*Gra.* Not by my trauels (so God helpe me) marrie ile bring ye fortie Saylers will sweare they haue seene them.

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*Acu.* In truth!

*Grac.* In truth or otherwise.

*Acu.* Faith they are not vnlike our land monsters, else why should this Maximilian Lord, for whom these shoots and noyses befits thus, forsake his honour, to sing a Lullabye?

These seeming Saints, alluring euils,  
That make earth Erebus, and mortals devils.

*Grac.* Come, thou art Sea-sicke, and will not be well at ease til thou hast tane a vomit, vp with't,

*Acu.* Why ifaith I must, I can not soothe the world  
With veluet words, and oylly flatteries,

And kisse the sweatie feet of magnitude,  
To purchase smiles, or a deade mans office,

I cannot holde to see a rib of man

A moytie of it selfe, command the whole

Bassful, and bend to muliebritie

Offemale scandal; obserue, doe but obserue,

Heere one walks ore-growne in weeds of pride,

The earth wants shape, to apply a simile,

A body prisoned vp with walles of wyer,

With bones of whales, somewhat allyed to fish

But from the wast declining, more loose dorth hang,

Then her wanton dangling lasciuious locke

Thats whirld and blowne with euerie lustfull breath.

Her necke in chaines, all naked lyes her brest,

Her body lighter then the feathered crest.

Another powtes and scoules, and hangs the lip,

Euen as the banckrout credit of her husband,

Cannot equall her with honors liuerie,

What doth she care, if for to decke her braue,

Hee's carryed from a Gate-house to his graue.

Another in a rayling pulppet key,

Drawes through her nose the accent of her voice,

And in the presence of her good man Goate,

Cries fye, now fye vppon these wicked men,

That

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That vse such beastly and inhumane talke:  
When being in priuate, all her studies warne,  
To make him enter into Capricorne,  
Another as she goes, treads a Canarie pace,  
Lets it so fine, and minces so demure,  
As mistris Bride vpon her marriage day:  
Her heeles are Corke, her body Atlas,  
Her Beautie bought, her soule an Atomus.  
Another with a spleene deuoured face,  
Her eies as hollow as Anatomy:  
Her tung more venome then a Serpents sting,  
Which when it waggess within her chap-faln iawes,  
Is noyse more horrid then a cry of hounds  
With open mouthes, pursuing of their game,  
Wants she but ritch attire or costly dyet,  
With her the Deuill can nere liue in quiet.  
Yet these are weaker vessels, heauen doth knowe,  
Lay on them ought but ease, you doe them wrong:  
They are as weake as water, and indeede as strong,  
And then like mightie ships, when pellets sincke,  
To them lay more men, sheele neuer shrinke.

*Boss.* Mistris, that face wants a fresh Glosse.

*Gent.* Prethee dib it in well Bos.

*Acut.* Pigmaleon, Pigmaleon, I coniure thee appeare,  
To worke, to worke, make more Marble Ingles,  
Nature, thou art a foole, Art is a boue thee:  
Belzebub, paint thy face, there's some will loue thee.

*Bos.* Rare, Mistris, heeres a cheeke like a Camelion or  
a blasing Star: you shall heere me blaze it, heere's two fau-  
cers sanguine in a sable field, pomegranet, a pure pendat,  
Ready to drop out of the stable, a pin and web argent in  
hayre de Roy.

*Grac.* And a fooles head in the Crest.

*Bos.* In the Crest? oh sweete Vermilion mistris! tis pit-  
tie the Vermilion Wormes should eate thee, ile set it with  
pracious stones and ye will.

*Gent.* Inough

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*Gent.* Enough sweete *Bosse*, throwe a little water to spurt's face and lets away.

*Bo.* Hold vp, so fir now away: oh Mist is your scant-king, most sweete mistress most derydent starre.

*Acnt.* Then most rydent starres faire fall ye.

*Grac.* Nay sure tis the Moone her selfe, for there's her man and her Dogge before.

*Bosse.* I fir, but the man is not in the moon, & my bus is before me, *ergo* not at my backe, *et ergo*, not moone fir.

*Gent.* What's your will fir?

*Acnt.* That you would leaue vs.

*Bosse.* Leaue you, zoundes fir, we scorne their companies, come, they are still, doe not open to them, we haue no Conies to catch.

*Acnt.* Away, keepe no distance, euen both together, For wit, ye may be Coacht together.

What sleeke browde Saint can see this Idiotisme,

The shape and workmanship of omnipotency,

To be so blinde with drugs of beasliness,

And will not bend the browe, and bite the lippe,

Trouble his quiet soule, with venome spleene,

And feare least the all ouer-seer,

Can without vengeance, see these ignomies.

*Grac.* Why therfore are they beloued like Sargeants, and entertained like Beggars, think'st thou but any honorable Gate but will be shut against these Butter-flies?

*Acnt.* Oh *Gracens*! thou beguil'st opinion,  
The Gates of great men stand more wide  
To entertaine a foole, then *Cresus* armes,  
To hug his Golden God; and faster bard  
Against necessitie, then *Diues* entrance  
At *Olympus* gate.

*Enter Seruulas, Scilicet, Philantus and Boy.*

*Seru.* Fa, la, sol, la sol: Boy a Glassey

*Boy.* Tis



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*Boy.* Tis but one and all fir.

*Acu.* Angels protect vs, what haue we heare?

*Boy.* Ye haue a good memorie Sir, for they are five minutes ere windefall of your Glasse.

*Ser.* Sir, be credible, tis ballanst to be a superlatiue politicke custome in these houres to dwell in shallowe accoutrements, as a defence for the abilitie of his purse, from the infringed Oath of some impudent face, that will borrowe a gentlemāsteuenewes, if he be vestally adorned: Ile tell you fir, by this bright Horrifon ———

*Scil.* A word I pray yee fir ere ye goe any further: Boy my Tables?

*Boy.* Your Tables are ready Sir, and all the men ye keep which is indeede halfe a Boy, *Scilicet, Videlicet,*

*Scil.* I pray ye let me request that oath of you.

*Sern.* A gracefull enquirie, and well obseru'd: Sir my company shal make ye copious of nouelties, let your Tables befriend your memorie: write, by this bright Horrifon.

*Phy.* Here's none but only I, sing: Boy, how lik'st thou my head of hayre?

*Boy.* Your Glasse may flatter ye, but truely I will not, your head is not a hayre better then it should be.

*Phy.* Is there any scarcitie of haire Boy?

*Boy.* Somewhat thin, and yet there is more hayre then wit.

*Phy.* How Boy?

*Boy.* Then wit of man can number fir, take it i'th right sence I pray yee.

*Phy.* Most ingenious!

*Acu.* O muffle, muffle good *Graccan*, doe not taint thy With sight of these infectious animalles, (sence, Least reason in thee haue the vpper hand To gouerne sence, to see and shun the sight Here's new discovered sins, past all the rest, Men strue by practise how to sweare the best.

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*Scil.* I haue quoted it fir, by this bright Hore, Hore  
son, pronounce ye fir.

*Seru:* Horison

*Scil:* Horison the Widowes mite Sir?

*Seru.* Not for the Soldans crowne fir.

*Scil.* Indee de yee shall, by this bright horison  
ye shall belecueme if I sweare, I thinke my selfe behol-  
ding, for I know it te be no common oath.

*Seru.* Were it common, it past not these doores: Sir,  
I shift my oathes as I wash my hands, twice in the artifici-  
al day, for in dialoguising, tis to be obseru'd, your senten-  
ces must ironically, metaphorically, and altogether figur-  
ratiuely mixt with your morning oathes.

*Scil:* Faith tis verie true.

*Accu.* That he neither knowes what he saies, nor thou  
vnderstandest.

*Seru:* As for example, by this illuminate welkin,

*Scil:* Oh excellent it shall downe to.

*Accu.* There's another Ducket, he vtters his oathes  
apace.

Sure this Villaine has no soule, and for golde  
Heele damme his body too, hee's at peace with hell,  
And brings his Marchandise from thence to sell.

*Boy.* I haue heere two Mistresses, but if the best were  
chosen out, if *Poliphemus* tother eye were out, his choice  
might be as good as *Argus* broad waking, so difficult is  
the difference.

*Phy.* Boy, sleepe wayward thoughts.

*Boy.* Sir.

*Phy.* Is it not now most amyable and faire?

*Boy.* Yes fir God be praised.

*Phy.* What meanst thou Boy?

*Boy.* The weather fir.

*Phy.* I meane my haire and face Boy.

*Boy:* Twere amiable if it would not alter.

*Phy.* Wherfore, I often repaire it.

*Boy Me*



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*Boy:* Methinkes that should weare it the sooner.

*Phy.* Not so Boy, for to trimme the Hayre well, is a rare qualitie: to be rarelye quallified is to be wise, apply Boy.

*Boy.* That you are wise in trimming your hayre Maister?

*Phy.* Right, to be wise is to be rare, for it is rare to see a wise man.

*Boy.* True Maister: but if youle see a foole looke in your Glasse maister.

*Phy.* Goe to, I must correct you Boy.

*Boy.* You can correct no more then is your own, I am but halfe yours to commaund, if you steale away any parte that is not your owne, you are so farre in daunger as the striking of an other mans seruant.

*Phy.* By this illuminate welkin most sincere and singular, as a small remembrance.

*Seru.* Not for to winne the faire Angelica.

*Scilliset.* By this illuminate Welkin ye shall now.

*Seru.* Sir, I doe not bestowe it for that I thinke you haue neede of it, for if you had, by this bright Horizon I would not giue it, for I know tis no credit to giue to the poore, by this illuminate welkin, I haue (since I tooke ypon me this fleshie desire of a Gentleman) throwne out of a window for a huntsyp, when I had as leef haue heard the grinding of a Mustard Mill, for those are thinges are heere too day and gone to morrowe: this will sticke by a man, and doe him credit where ere hee goes.

*Acut.* I, when the foole is clad in clay,  
It will sticke sore vnto thy soule for aye.

*Phy.* Signior Scilliset, I assure you I haue discovered the moste queint and new-found deuice for the encounter of the Ladies at the enteruiew, tis in pricke-song.

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*Scil.* That's excellent and rare.

*Phi.* I, for prick-song to Ladies is moſte pleaſant and delightfull, as thus for your congie, All hayle to my be-  
looued; then for your departure, ſad diſpaire doth driue  
me hence: for all muſt be to effect.

*Grac.* Nay, prethee raiſe no quarrels.

*Acut.* I can holde no longer, heare you ſir, are not  
you a foole? and you an Aſſe? and you a knaue?

*Phy.* zoundes an Aſſe?

*Scil.* A Foole?

*Ser.* A Knaue without reſpect?

*Acut.* I, for an Aſſe can beare, a Foole abide, and a  
Knaue deſerue:

*Omn.* Helpe, helpe!

*Gra.* Prethee lets away.

*Acut.* Fooles oftentimes brings wiſemen to trouble,  
Farwell, another time ile pay ye double, *Exit.*

*Enter Hoſt, Hoſteſſe.*

*Hoſt.* Bring your Clubs out of doores, there goe in my  
fine hoſtes, ile talke to the proudeſt: what knaues are i'th  
ſtreete, my dore is my dore, my houſe is my caſtell, goe in  
dame Helena, let thine hoſt alon with thiſhe that knocks  
at my hobby, while I haue Ale in my houſe, ſhall pay for a  
Surgeon: the honeſt ſhal come in, the knaues ſhall go by:  
bring Clubs I ſay.

*Scil.* Nay ſir, the heare is paſt, they that did it haue  
tooke them to their heeles, for indeede heere are of vs—

*Hoſt.* Away with your Clubs then, welcome my braue  
Bullies, my Gueſts ſhal take no wrong, but welcome my  
Bullies.

*Scil.* Indeede ſir I am a man of few words, I haue put  
vp a little blood ſhed, marrie I hope it ſhall be no ſtaine to  
my manhoode, if I keepe it out of my clothes.

*Hoſt.* He ſhall pay for the blood-ſhed, my gueſtes ſhal  
take no wrong: mine Hoſt will ſpend his Crufe as franke

as.



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as an Emperour: welcome my braue bullies.

*Ser.* Sir, be pacificall, the fellowe was possesst with some critique frenzie, and wee impute it to his madnes.

*Scil:* Maddelby Gods slid if he were as madde as a weauer, I can hardly put it vp: for my blow: I care not so much, but he cald me foole: slid if I liue till I dye, the one of vs shall proue it.

*Host:* Some prophane Villaine, ile warrant him.

*Scil.* Doe you thinke I may not haue an action against him?

*Host:* There's so many swaggerers, but alas, how fel-ye out?

*Scil:* By the welkin I gaue him not a foule word: first he calles me foole, then he makes a full blowe at my body, and if by good chance I had not warded it with my head, he might haue spoild me.

*Enter Prentices.*

*Host.* There, there, my fine fil-pots: giue the word as you passe: anon anon sir, anon: heere and there in the twinckling, looke well to the barre, there againe my little Mercuries, froath them vp to the brimme, and fill as tis needefull: if their pates be full of Wine, let your Pattles be three quarters, trip and goe, here and there: now any braue Lad wash thy woundes with good Wine: bidde am welcom my little Sybil: put sugar in his hole there, I must in to my guests, sleepe soundly till morning: Canarie is a Jewell, and a Figge for Browne-bastard. *Exit.*

*Hostes.* Gentlemen, ye are welcom, though my husbād be a little talkative, yet truly he is an vnreasonable honest man, yee shall finde his words and his sayings all one.

*Scil:* I thinke no lesse, yet I would desire to enter as time and place shall serue.

*Hostes:* Ile lead the way forsooth.

*Phy.* Nay pray ye Hostesse a word, I say little, but i'me sure I haue sustained the most wrong: by this light, I

## *Euerie woman in her Humor.*

had rather he had broke my head in three places, I pray you lend me a brush, hee has put my hat quite out of fashion.

*Host.* That shall ye sir, a brush there hoe!

*Bos.* *Salus, sis saluus,* I pray yee which of you five is the Hostis of the house?

*Boy.* Thats easily discern'd, for foure weare breeches.

*Bos.* Nere the sooner for that my diminutive youth, for women now adaies weare breeches as well as men, mary the difference lies in the bawble.

*Hostis.* Well sir, to open the truth I am the Hostesse.

*Bos.* The fruit is knowne by the Tree at the first view, as the Author writes learnedly, come, *basilus manus.*

*Scil.* This kissing becomes a Gentleman, ile vse it suret

*Bos.* Secondly, Mistris Hostesse, I would knowe what lodging ye haue for my Lady and her traine.

*Hostis.* What will serue your turne sir?

*Bos.* Ile call my selfe to account and specifie thus: my Lady and her Dogge that's two visibles: then there's the Dogge and my Lady, that's foure invisible: then there's my Ladies dogge and I quoth the dogge, that's six: then there's sequence of three, viz. the Dogge and I and my Lady: then there's a paire of Knaues, viz the Dogge & my selfe, & my Lady, turn'd vp: viz my Lady sequence of three: a paire of knaues, & my Lady turn'd vp to play vpon, we can haue no lesse then five beds.

*Hostis.* Truly you must lye close together, (the Seruants I meane) for I am so thrust with Guest I an hardly spare so many.

*Bos.* Faith wee le lie together as close as we can: there's my Lady and her dogge lye al together, and I at the beds feete, and there's all our family of Loue.

*Hostis.* How farre is your mistris behinde?

*Bos.* The truth is, the fatall sisters haue cut the thred of her Corke-shoe, & shee's stept aside into a Coblers shop to take a true stitch, whether I meane to send my selfe as  
a Court

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

a Court of Guard to conduct her: but see, oh, inconstant fortune I see where shee comes *solus*. (selfe.

*Gent*; Bos, you serue me well to let me waite vpon my

*Bos*. Of two euils the least is to be chosen, I had a care of your puppie being lesse then your selfe.

*Scil*, Gentlewoman you haue an excellent, *Ch*: I haue an appetite as a man would say.

*Gent*, What's your will fir? (perite to kisse you.

*Scil*, Truth will to light, and the truth is, I haue an ap-

*Phil*: This point would become a Gentleman sure, I pray who trim'd it so?

*Gent*, My man forsooth.

*Phy*, Sir, I desire your acquaintance, tis excellent rare.

*Gent*; You would haue saide so, had you seene it an houre since.

*Ser*. Heeres game for me, I hunt for fooles, and haue sprung a couey.

*Hostis*. Gentles, please you draw neere? lead the way into the chambers.

*Bos*; Bos is the name of a thing may be seene, felt, heard, or vnderstood, and the nominatiue case goes before, my Mistris the Verbe, my mistris requires an accusatiue case to follow, as *usur femine proptius facit. Exeunt alibi Hostis*

*Hostis*; Oh fy evpont, who would be an *hostis*, & could do otherwise? Ladie, as the moste lasciuious life, conges and kisses, the tyre, the hood, the rebato, the loose bodyed Gowne, the pin in the haire, and euerie day change, when an *Hostis* must come and go at euery mans pleasure: and what's a Lady more then another body? wee haue legs and hands, rowling eyes, hanging lips, sleek browes, & cherrie cheeks, & other things as Ladies haue, but the fashion carries it away. *Prentices passerover*.

*Host*; There, there my little Lacky boies, againe, againe, my fine fil-pots, where is my fine *Hostis*? come, come my litle dido, set your corks on a creaking, my knaues are vnthrifry, dance not your canaries, heere, vp & down, look about to my Guests I say.

*Hostis*. I,

## *Euerie woman in her Humor,*

*Hostis*: I, I haue much ioy, an Hostesse!

*Host*. What, abides my Penelope? heere stand thy  
Vlisses, ile tarry with thee still, thou shalt wāt for no cost,  
ile buy thee a braue whistle, looke about to my Guestes I  
say.

*Hostis*. I, Hostesses will bee knowne shortlye as their  
Signes, still in one weather-beaten suite, as though none  
weare hoodes but Monkes and Ladies: and feathers,  
but fore-horses, and Waiting Gentlewomen: or charmes  
but prisoners and Courtiers: no Perywigges but Players  
and Pictures, but the weakest must to the wall still.

*Host*. Tush tush, these are toies, ile none of these Flip-  
flaps, ile haue no toping, no puffes, nor no Cobwebs:  
no busks nor burbarrels: thou shalt wear thine own haire,  
& fine cloath of Sheep-skins: thy colour shal be Dow-  
las, as white as a Lillie: ile kisse these chop-cherries, thou  
shalt goe Gossip at Shrone-tide, look about to my Guests  
then. *Exit.*

*Hostis*. I, twas my hard fortune to be an Hostesse, time  
was I might haue done otherwise.

*Enter Citizens Wife.*

*Citizen*. Why how now Woman, a'th olde discaise still?  
will it neuer be better? cannot a Woman finde one kinde  
man amongst torentid? ah the daies: I haue seen, when a  
Womans will was a lawe: if I had had a minde to such a  
thing, or such a thing, I could haue had it, but twa's neuer  
better since men were Purse-bearers.

*Hostis*. Mine is eene the ynnaturalist man to his Wife.

*Citizen*. Truly, and commonly are all such fat men:  
ile tell thee Gossip, I haue buried fixe, I fixe husbands,  
but if I should liue to haue as many more, as I know not  
what may happen, but sure ide neuer haue such a fatte  
man: they be the mosse ynweldymen, that women shall  
not want a fore stomach that's troubled with them I war-  
rant her.

*Exit.*

*Hostis*. And



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Hostis* And hee maintaines me heare like I knowe not what.

*City w.* I, and what say, they are their wiues head, well, if he be the head, thees the body, and the body is to beare the head, and the body is to beare the purfle.

*Hostis* They cannot misse vs, yet they regard vs not.

*City wif.* Misse vs! no faith, but would all women were of my minde, they call vs the weaker vessels: they should finde vessels of vs, but no weake vessels I warrant them.

*Pren.* Mistris my Maister, calls for ye.

*Hostis.* Go, ile come anon, hee's not so hastie to giue me what I want I warrant ye,

*City w.* No, would he were, little thinkes the husband what goes through the wiues hand, washing, wringing and rubbing, vp earely, downe late, & a thousand things they looke not too.

*Hostis.* And yet they must haue the gouernment of all.

*City w.* And great reason they haue for it. but a wise man will put in a Womans hand, what? sheele saue that hee spends.

*Hostis* You haue a prettie Ruffe, how deepe is it?

*City w.* Nay this is but shallowe, marrie I haue a Ruffe is a quarter deepe, measured by the yard.

*Hostis* Indeepe by the yard!

*City w.* By the standard, you haue a pretty set too: how big is the steele you set it with?

*Hostis.* As bigge as a reasonable sufficient ———

*Enter Prentice.*

*Pren.* Mistris, my Maister would desire you to come in.

*City w.* What? she shall not come yet, if you lay down the bucklers you lose the victorie.

*Hostis.* By my troth I must goe, wee shall haue such a coyle the.

## *Euerie Woman in her Humor.*

*City w.* A coyle! why haue you not a tongue in your head? faith if ye win not all at that weapon, yee are not worthy to be a Woman, you heare not the news abroad:

*Hostis.* No, what newes?

*City wife.* No, I warrant ye, you neuer come abroad, this is to be troubled with a fatte man, he neuer comes abroad himselfe, nor suffers his wife out of his sight: yee shal euer haue a fatte Host, either on his bēch at the dore, or in his chair in the chimney, & there he spits & spaules a roome liketwentie Tobaccotakers, oh fye on them beasts.

*Hostis.* But I prethee what newes?

*City w.* Oh woman! the moſte hard fauour'd newes, and without al conscience, they say there's a statute made any woman that buries her husband, is not to marrie againe of two monethes after.

*Hostis.* A teadious time by Lady, a month were enough.

*Cittiew.* I halfe a month, winter nights are long, and colde, ile tell ye, I haue buried sixe, and I thank my good fortune, I euer knewe the next ere the other was in his winding sheete.

*Pro.* Mistris, my maister is angrie, and the Guests cal for their Hostesse.

*Hostis.* Goe, I come, Gossip when shall I see you agē?

*Cittiew.* Nay, when shall I see you abroad, sildome I'me sure.

*Hostis.* I must needes away, God buy you Gossip.

*Cittiew.* God buy ye, Gods so, I haue forgot wherefore I came: a word ere you goe, the partie yee wott on commendes him vnto ye, he that met the other party in the white felt, the yellowe scarfe, and the round Venetian, when the other party kist you, and I broake the iest on him: when hee saide, kisses kindeles Coales, and soue searches.

*Hostis.* Oh! I remember him, yes faith, hee's prettie well set: hee ha's the right tricke with the tongue in his kisse,

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

kisse, and hee dances reasonably comely, but hee's hea-  
vie.

*Citty m.* He saouours of a kinde of Gallant, but not of  
a Courtyer.

*Hostis* Well, weele haue a night ont, god be with ye  
Gossip,

*Citty wife.* God buy ye.

*Exeant*

*Enter Lenulus and Tully.*

*Len.* Not yours nor her owne *Terentia*, your's in mo-  
destie *Flavia*.

See *Tully* what an actiue passiue loue hath plaide,

I loue, and am againe beloued, but at the shrine

Where I doe offer vp my Cordiall sacrifice,

I am returned with peremptorie scorne,

And where I stand but as a gazer,

Viewing all alike, I am perswade

With violent passions: a speaking eye

Bindes fauours, and now discovering lines,

Thy counsell now deere friend, for at

Thy direction stands my thrall or freedome.

*Tul.* Oh my Lord, affection is vnlimited,

Daring all dangers, hauing nor tipe nor

figure, but beyond all arte,

Then tyenot that (great Lord) to *Tullies* awe,

Fancy forswears all reason, loue all lawe.

*Len.* How well thy power can shun, that which

I followe with obedience, too true yfaith,

Thou mightst as well put out the eie of day,

Or couer sinne from heauen, or to erect

A towre of sand, on the vncertaine surge,

Or any thing that were more inficient,

Then to remooue one doting thought of mine

From her disdaine, thy aide deere *Tully*.

## *Euerie woman in her Humor.*

Be thou an Oratour for *Lentulus*,  
My tongue stands tund to a harsher method,  
Breath in her cares those Organs of receite,  
A quintessence distild of honny words,  
And charme with a beguiling lullabye,  
Her free consent to thine and my request.  
Which done, that's done, which is my sole delight,  
Which done, that's done, that I can neuer quite.

*Tull:* All which to me are problematique mines,  
Obscurde enigmaes, and to my studies  
Incognite language: yet if my powers,  
Haue power to cloath my tongue in loue,  
Ile be a Louer, and in loue so pleade,  
As if that *Tully* loued *Terentia*.

*Lent.* Thanks sweete *Cicero*, this day weedine with  
olde *Flaminius*,  
The forward Father of my Aukeward loue.  
His willing minde doth striue to make the peace,  
Betwixt our discord thoughts: his free consent  
Is giuen to *Lentulus*, there *Tully* taketh on holde,  
And when a Sunne of thy intent shines fayre,  
Onset loues fort, with pollicicke assaults,  
And conquer conquest in obtaining that,  
Where victors are repulst: but see,  
Our taske hath ouer-tane our way, see olde *Flaminius*  
Comes to welcome vs,  
With him a looke, looke the bright orient verge,  
At the vprising of *Auroraes* shine.

*Enter Flaminius, Terentia and Elania.*

*Flam.* And my good Lord, y'are happily met.  
Heartily welcome: young *Tullie* welcome to, yee come  
wel to ease my charge, these Ladies finde fault with their  
Guardian, I goe too softly for them: old blood is stiffe, &  
young Ladies wil not beare with age: I resigne, I resigne  
to you that followe.

*Lent.* If they admit vs for their Guardian,

Weele



*Euerie woman in her Humor.*

Weele dare dangers ere we part from them.

*Flam.* Why well saide my Lords, Soldiers will not flye indeede, I haue seene the day I could haue crackt a tree of yew, made my bowstring, whisper in mine eare if they twang: tost my pike lustilye: tis since the siedge of Parthia, bith' mas a great while, I was lustie then, at the seruice was done there, yer I loue the discourse: come my Lord, I chuse your company, leaue Tulley to the Ladies, he can tell them tales of *Venus* and *Adonis*, and that best pleaseth them. Now I must heere of raps and blowes, and Bils and Guns, and swords and bucklers: Flowed it once, come, our Cookes are backward, discourse will begette stomacks, y' are like to tarrie long for leane Cates. *Exit*

*Lent.* Now gentle Tulley, aduocate my suite,  
Her fore-amazing person makes me mute.

*Cicero.* He beare these Ladies company,  
If they shall deeme acceptance.

*Exit*

*Terex.* With interest of thankes to Cicero,

*Flau:* Faith I like not this ods of female, an equallitie were better: yet of both twere fitter the woman should vndergoe the oddes, I had rather a said three men to one woman, then two women to one man: heeres Tulley adrest to Terentia, Terentia drawing neere to Tully: her's smal comfort left for *Flauia*, wel gentles, ile leaue ye to the Goddesse: so ho my Lords, take me with ye.

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Youle not loose the sight of Lentulus.

*Fla.* Nor you of Tulley, come if you tel, ile blab.

*Cice.* But sweete Lady, Tully is not heere.

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*Cice.* He was Lady, till hee changed his habit, by putting on the office of an vnskilfull Seruingman, intending to garde Terentia to her fathers house.

*Fla.* Then Flauia must gard her selfe: wel, vse good words, and good action, and walke well before your Laddie, shee's kinde y faith, and a litle thing will please her.

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Terent.* Will it please *Flavia* to partake?  
? *Fla.* Oh fye, twere an iniurie, I could brook myself therefore, ile leaue ye, but be breefe, stand not on pointes, cut them all first, & if ye fall to kissing, kisse not to long for feare, ye kisse the post, *Exit*

*Teren.* Goe to, youle still be a wagge *Flavia*.  
But what saies *Tulley* to *Terentia*?

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*Tullie*'s not heere, but heere is *Tullie*'s friend,  
For ere I speake, I must intreate, you wil  
Transforme poore *Tulley* into *Lentulus*.

*Teren.* I haue no power of Metamorphosing,  
If *Tulley* be not heere, you must conceale,  
I cannot make of *Tulley* *Lentulus*.

*Cice.* Nor can the world make *Cicero* so wotthy,  
Yet for an houre discouise a Pefant's shape,  
Nay represent the person of a king,  
Then in the person of great *Lentulus*,  
I doe salute Sunne-bright *Terentia*,  
Lady, vouchsafe a Saint-like smile on him,  
From that angell form; whose honord minde  
Lies prostrate lowly at *Terentias* feete,  
Who hath put off a Golden victors honour,  
And left the Parthyan spoyle to *Lepido*,  
Whome many Ladies haue bedeckt with fauours,  
Of rich esteeme, oh proud! he deignd to weare them,  
Yet giufte and giuers hee did slight esteeme.  
For why? the purpose of his thoughts were bent,  
To seeke the loue of faire *Terentia*.  
The choce is such, as choiser cannot bee,  
Euen with a nimble eye his vertues, through  
His smile is like the Meridian Sol,  
Discern'd a dauncing in the burbling brook:  
His frowne out-dares the Austerest face,  
Of warre or Tyranny: to sease vpon  
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## *Euerie woman in her Humor,*

With him for euer liue a vestall life,  
His minde is vertues ouer-matcht. yet this & more  
Shall dye, if this and more want force,  
To winne the loue of faire *Terentia*,  
Then gentle Lady, giue a gentle dome,  
Neuer was brest the Landlord to a heart,  
More louing, faithfull, or more loyall,  
Then is the brest of noble.

*Teren:* Tullie.

*Tul:* *Lentulus*!

*Ter.* And why not Tullie?

*Tul.* It stands not aptly.

*Ter:* It wants a sillible,

*Tul.* It doth.

*Ter.* Then noble *Cicero*.

*Tul:* Thats too decre.

*Ter.* Gentle is as good,

Then say the best of gentle *Cicero*.

*Tul.* Good Lady wrong not your honour so,  
To seate vnworthy *Tulley* with your worth,  
Oh looke vpon the worth of *Lentulus*,  
Let your faire hand be beame vnto the ballance,  
And with a stedded peyze, list vp that beame,  
In on the scale, put the worth of *Lentulus*  
His state, his honors, and his reuenues,  
Against that heavy waite: put pouertie,  
The poore and naked name of *Cicero*,  
A partner of vnregarded Orators,  
Then shall you see with what celeritie,  
One title of his worth will soone pull vp,  
Poore *Tullies* dignitie.

*Ter:* Iust to the height of *Terentias* heart,  
Where I will keepe and Character that name,  
And to that name my heart shall adde that loue,  
That shall wey do vnto the worth of *Lentulus*.

*Tul:* Deare Madam,

*Ter.* Speake

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Be thou an Oratour for *Leuius*,  
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Breath in her cares those Organs of receipt,  
A quintessence distilled of honny words,  
And charme with a beguiling lullabye,  
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Where victors are repulst: but see,  
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At the vprising of *Auroraes* shine.

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Heartily welcome: young *Tullie* welcome to, yee come  
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Guardian, I goe too softly for them: old blood is stiffe, &  
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*Lent.* Now gentle Tulley, aduocate my suite,  
Her fore-amazing person makes me mute.

*Cicero.* Ile beare these Ladies company,  
If they shall deeme acceptance.

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*Teren.* With interest of thanks to Cicero,

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*Teren.* Nay, stay good *Flauia*,  
Youle not loose the sight of *Lentulus*.

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*Cicc.* But sweete Lady, Tully is not heere.

*Fla.* But Cicero is, his nere friend, that's as good.

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## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Terent.* Will it please *Flavia* to partake?

¶ *Fla.* Oh fy, t were an iniurie, I could brook my self therefore, ile leaue ye, but be brieft, stand not on pointes, cut them all first, & if ye fall to kissing, kisse not to long for feare ye kisse the post, *Exit*

*Terent.* Goe go, youle still be a wagge *Flavia*.  
But what saies *Tulley* to *Terentia*?

*Cicero.* Lady I must maintaine my former argument,  
*Tullie*'s not heere, but heere is *Tullie*'s friend,  
For ere I speake, I must intreate, you wil  
Transforme poore *Tulley* into *Lentulus*.

*Terent.* I haue no power of Metamorphosing,  
If *Tulley* be not heere, you must conceale,  
I cannot make of *Tulley* *Lentulus*.

*Cice.* Nor can the world make *Cicero* so worthy,  
Yet for an houre discourse a Pefant; shape,  
Nay represent the person of a king,  
Then in the person of great *Lentulus*,  
I doe salute Sunne-bright *Terentia*,  
Lady, vouchsafe a Saint-like smile on him,  
From that angell form; whose honord minde  
Lies prostrate lowly at *Terentias* feete,  
Who hath put off a Golden victors honour,  
And lest the Parthyan spoyle to *Lepido*,  
Whome many Ladies haue bedeckt with fauours,  
Of rich esteeme, oh proud! he deign'd to weare them,  
Yet giufes and giuers hee did slight esteeme.  
For why? the purpose of his thoughts were bent,  
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And with a stedded peyze, list vp that beame,

In on the scale, put the worth of *Lentulus*

His state, his honors, and his reuenewes,

Against that heauy waite: put pouertie,

The poore and naked name of *Cicero*,

A partner of vnregarded Orators,

Then shall you see with what celestie,

One title of his worth will soone pull vp,

Poore *Tullies* dignitie.

*Ter*: Iust to the height of *Terentias* heart,

Where I will keepe and Character that name,

And to that name my heart shall adde that loue,

That shall wey downe the worth of *Lentulus*.

*Tul*: Deare Madam,

*Ter*: Speake

## *Euerie woman in her Humor,*

*Ter.* Speake still if thou wilt, but not far him,  
The more thou speak'st, the more augments my loue,  
If that thou canst adde more to infinite,  
The more thou speakest, the more decreaseth his,  
If thou canst take away, ought from nothing,  
Thinke *Tulley*, if *Lentulus* can loue me,  
So much and more, *Terentia* doth loue thee.

*Tull:* Oh Madam!

*Tulley* is poore, and poore is counted base.

*Ter:* Vertue is rich and blots a poore disgrace.

*Tul.* *Lentulus* is great, his frowne's my woe,  
And of a friend he will become my foe.

*Ter.* As he is friend, we will intreate his loue,  
As he is great, his threatnings shall not make me loue.

*Tul.* Your fathers graunt, makes *Lentulus* your Lord,

*Terent.* But if he re to his daughter not accord,  
That graunt is cancel'd, fathers may commaund,  
Life before loue, for life to true loue's paund.

*Tul:* How will *Flaminius* brooke my pouertie?

*Ter.* VVell, when *Flaminius* see's no remedie,  
Lord how woman like are men, when they are woe'd;

*Tully*, weigh me not light, nere did immodest blush  
Colour these cheekes, but ardent.

*Tul:* Silence sweete Lady, heere comes *Flauia*.

*Fla.* Fie, fie, how tedious ye are: yonders great looking for *Tulley*, the olde Senate has put on his spectacles, and *Lentulus* and hee are turning the leaues of a dog-hay, leaues of a worthe eaten Chronicle, and they want *Tullies* iudgement.

*Tul:* About what sweete Lady?

*Fla:* To know what yeare it was the showers of raine fell in Aprill:

*Tul:* Feare to solve it by rote Lady, twas thanyeare the Cuckoo sung in May: another token Lady, there raign'd in Rome a great Tyrant that yere, and many Maides lost their heads for vsing flesh on Fishdaies.

*Fla.* And



## *Euerie woman in her Humor.*

*Fl.* And some were sacrificed as a burnt offering to the Gods of Hospitality, were they not?

*Tul.* Y'are a wag *Flavia*, but talk and you, must needs haue a parting blowe;

*Flav.* No matter so we stand out and close not.

*Tul.* Or part faire at the close and too'ragaine.

*Flav.* Nay, if we should too't againe *Terentia* would growe i'calous.

*Tul.* Ladies I take my leaue,  
And my loue.

*Ter.* Take heede ye sigh not, nor looke red at the table Tully.

*Flav.* Your shoe wrings you Lady. *Exit.*

*Ter.* Go to, ye are a wanton *Flavia*.

*Fla.* How now *Terentia*, in your nine Muses?

There's none must pleade in your case but an Orator.

*Ter.* I want one indeede Wench, but thou hast two, and the gentle destinies may lend thee three, nere blush: for smoke and the fire of a womans loue cannot bee hid: oh a fine tongue, dipt in *Helicon*, a comedian tongue is the onely perswasue ornament to win a Lady, why his discourse is as pleasant

*Fla.* As how I prethee?

*Ter.* And keepes as good decorum, his prologue with obedience to the skirt, arough Sceane of ciuill Warres, with a clapping conclusion, perhappes a Iigge, if not the Tragicomicall Tale of *Mars* and *Venus*, then must shee take the Tale by the end, where hee defending *Mars*, & she *Venus*, must fall from billing to byting, from byting to blowes, to get the supremacie.

*Fla.* A good policie to praise *Cicero*,  
For feare I rob you of your *Lentulus*.

*Ter.* Faith a Souldier is not for thy humor, now I crie a Warriour, he fights stoutlye in a field bed, discharges his worke sure, vnder his Curtaines would I fight, but come, our Louers melt while wee meditate, thou for thy

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

scholler, I for my souldiers and if we cannot please them  
so, wee shake off this loose habit, and turne Pages to  
please their humors.

*Exit.*

*Enter Arcinus and Gracius.*

*Grac.* Come *Arcinus*, discharge your follower, lets  
leau rubbing a while, since the byas runs so much the  
wrong way: Sir, these bowles which we roule and torn  
in our lower spher, are by vse made wodden worldlings,  
right for euerie one strues, who shall ye needst the mist-  
ris.

*Ar.* They poss indeed, as their nature is, in an euen way,  
but they are cowards, theile abide no danger, they rub at  
euerie mole-hil, and if they tyre in going vp a hill, they  
retire and come backe againe.

*(he goe.*

*Grac.* Well, let them alley, bet all, then to rest, a way,

*Scil.* S foote *Gracius*, heeres a couple of our old gam-  
sters, on for quicke conceite to begot a ielt; here's two  
that either a man must be acquainted for quarrell with, &  
of two evils he chooseth the latter, I hope to make it the les-  
ser: if I should be acquainted, the foole will haunt me; if I  
quarrell, I may be so blest as to be rid of a foole.

*Grac.* I haue a womans wit for a suddaine stratageme.

*Scil.* Noby my troth, by this bright horizon

*Enter Scil. and Seruilius.*

*Arcus.* An excellent Cuckoo, hee keepes his note in  
Winter.

*Scil.* I haue no appetite at all to liue in the countrie  
any more: now as they say, I haue got a smacke on the  
Citric, mid I thinke (as the prouerbe goes) I was wrapt in  
my mothers mocke the day I was begotten, I thanke the  
Goddesse *Cupid* for it, I am so fauour'd of the Women,  
my hostes loues me execrably.

*Arcus.* Good reason, fooles make good sport.

*Grac.* Seuer, seuer, ere wee bee disconcerd.

*Ser.* Sir, the respectue regard of your well governed  
partes do challenge a mellifluous species of enduement.

or

*True woman in her Humor.*

*Grac.* Gentle, God saue ye, well over-taken Gallants.

*Scil.* Welcome by the welkin.

*Grac.* Tis a verie pleasant weather.

*Ser.* Sir, the ayre is frugall.

*Grac.* Is that Gentleman of your Company?

*Scil.* Our company sir, no, we are no companions for lame Souldiers.

*Grac.* Proper man, pittie he is so regardles; a good legge, it seemes he has some greefe in it.

*Scil.* Nay, and he be lame, let aske to him, there's so many lustie knaues walke now a daies, will not sicke to giue a man hard words; if he be not disposed to charities harke ye sir, I vnderstand ye are a proper man, and that you haue a good legge.

*Acut.* And what of that Sir?

*Scil.* What of that? He be an fowerome like a sturdy beggar already: by the flue elements or fences; I aske ye for no hurt, ide bestowe my charitie as franks as —

*Acut.* Stoope and looke out, zounds a Gentleman can not come by a misfortune in his loobord, but one side will ride him that — *Exit.*

*Grac.* Sirra, stay, ile combat thee in his defence.

*Ser.* Sir, be patient, the innocent must be lightly regarded.

*Grac.* You see I leave Gentlemen, ile follow him?

*Scil.* Nay, I pray you be not so, I haue no great hurt: but in reuenge I will call for vengeance so, hee may thank God, discretion gouerned me, tis wel knowne I haue alwayes bene a man of peace, ile not strike yee the least blowe in anger, nor hurt the poorest Conney that goes in the street, for I know of fighting comes quarrelling, of quarrelling comes brawling, and of brawling growes hard words, and as the learned *poet* writes, tis good sleeping in a whole skin.



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Grac.* Sir, your discretion shall gouerne me at this time,  
your name I pray ye sir?

*Scil.* My name is signior Scillicer.

*Grac.* Euen so sir? nay sir, I do not forget your Argument.

*Enter Accurs.*

*Accus.* Saue ye sir, saw you nota Gentleman come  
this way euen now, some what hure in the one of his  
Legges?

*Scil.* He went by euen now sir, is he a friend of yours?

*Accus.* A deare friend, and a proper Gentleman sir.

*Scil.* By the honor hee's a proper man indeede, he  
gau me the time of the day, as hee went by: I haue a gal-  
lon of wine for him at any time, If ye see any thing in me  
worth commendations, I pray ye commend me to him.

*Accus.* I will sir, twere best you gau me good words,  
but ile trie ye farther yet, fare ye well sir.

*Scil.* I pray you remember me to him, you see my an-  
ger is ouer already.

*Grac.* Sir, I did not note ye, what fellow was that?

*Scil.* Sir, hee's a friend of his, that strooke mee euen  
now.

*Grac.* Would ye not strike him? lets followe.

*Scil.* Indee ye shall not, I hate it.

*Ser.* I will not be batten of my armorie, in my figure  
perambulation for the lower element.

*Grac.* You are to patient in wrongs sir, Zoundes I know  
no how to picke a quarrell.

*Ser.* Sir, the grieuous youth is inwardlye posselt  
with a supple spirit, hee can brooke impugnyng, but  
tis aduerse to my spirit if I were armed.

*Enter Accurs.*

*Accus.* Saue ye gallants, sawe ye not a fellowe come  
halting this way of late?

*Scil.* Hath



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Ser:* Hath he done any hurt, or is hee a friend of yours?

*Accur:* Hee's a Rascall, and ile maintaine him so.

*Scil:* Hee's a verie Rascall indeede, and hee vsed mee like a knaue: if ere I meete him I shall hardly put it vp, I haue it in blake and blew to shew heere.

*Serr:* Say I breath defyance to his front.

*Accur:* Challenge him the field.

*Scil:* Dooft thinke heele answere me? ile challenge him at the pich-forkes, or the Flaile, or ile wrastle a fall with him for a bloody nose, anye weapon I haue bene brought vp in, ile——

*Accur:* What will ye? heere he is, you minime that will be friend with friends, and foe with foes, and you that will defie *Hercules*, and out-braue *Mars*, and feares not the *Deuill*, passe bladder, ile make ye swell.

*Scil:* By Gods-lid if I had knowne it had bene you, I would not haue saide so to your face. *Exeunt*

*Accur:* Away with your Champion, goe.

*Grac:* This was excellentlye performed, ifaith a better breathing then a game at bowles.

*Accur:* These giue you the good salue any time this month: for I am sure they haue saluing enough for so long.

*Grac:* I pittie the foolery faith, but the tother Horse-leach, I with his blowes trebled, I conuerst with him, but a Rogue so stuf with a lybrary of new miniced words, so tearing the sence, I neuer met with.

*Accur:* But now we haue spoilde our determinate dinner at my hostelle of the Hobbye, we shall now be knowne.

*Grac:* That holds well still, I am taken for a prooued friend, and thou shalt be disguised till I haue wrought a league by vertue of a pottle of Canarie.

*Accur:* Content, mine Host shall be accessarie, and ile be a seruer to obserue my racks.

## *Euerie Woman in her Humor.*

*Gra.* They are good subjects for idle hours: but soft  
what second course is entring heere?

*Enter Phy. Bos. and Boy.*

*Phy.* For I did but kisse her: Bos, how lik'st thou my  
relish?

*Bos.* Oh Sir, relish but your licour as you doe your  
song, you may goe drunke to bed any day in the weeke.

*Phy.* Sister awake, close not, &c. does my face hold co-  
lour still?

*Bos.* I, and you would but scauige the paulion of your  
nose.

*Gra.* I marrie *Accus* how lik'st thou this Gentlewo-  
man Gallant?

*Accus.* A good statesman, for common wealth of  
Brownists, the Rogue hates a Church like a Counter.

*Gra.* I, and if my Ladie Argentile were dead, he wold  
rather liue vppon almes then fall to worke,

*Accus.* So he might haue tolleration,  
What, shal's close with them?

*Gra.* In any case, but in some warme embrace, for if we  
should continue thus rough, we should be stand like an  
Appoplex.

*Accus.* Gallants, the fortune of the day runs with ye,  
what all at once chance? how art thou ill?

*Phy.* Say, I think twas you bestowd some shillings on  
tother day.

*Accus.* Which I would wipe out of your memorie with  
satisfaction of a double curtesie.

*Phy.* I accept it yfaith sir, I am not prone to anger: I  
allure ye the following night knowe not my Anger, your  
acquaintance signior.

*Gra.* Fye, without ceremony, lets yoake this merrily  
as we did in the daies of olde, with mirth and melody.

*Phy.* I, say you so: then Coll her and clasp her, & kisse  
her

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

her too, &c.

*Bos* The triplicities, heere's, those has sup: at an ordinarie.

*Accu.* This gallant humors.

*Gra.* But the other walkes a loose.

*Bos* The triplicity, heere's those has crackt Glasses, & drawne blood of a Tapster.

*Gra.* The visitation of your hand sir.

*Bos* The Triplicity, will colours change?

*Accu.* Sir, take no offence I beseech ye, we gaue onely satisfaction for an olde iniurie, but in the degree of amity your selfe sits in the superlatiue.

*Bos* Not so sir, but in respect.

*Gra.* What kinde is your Dogge of Sir?

*Bos* Verie kinde to any thing but his meate, that hee deuours with great alacritie.

*Gra.* Where was he bred?

*Bos* In a Birch.

*Gra.* What countrie?

*Bos* A kinde of Mungrill, he will carrie, but not fetch, maye hee is to be put to a dauncing schoole for instruction.

*Accu.* The trickes of the rope were excellent in him, & that ile teach him if I misse not my marks come Gallants, we waste time, the first Tauerne wee arriue at, wee see the race of an houre-glasse.

*Phy.* Can ye a part in a Song?

*Gra.* Verie tollerably.

*Phy.* Wee le haue a catch then, if with sol, sol, la: Gentlemen, haue you any good herbe? you haue match boy,

*Boy:* Your pipe shall want no fire sir.

*Accu:* Oh without ceremony: now *Graccus*, if we can but pawne their fences in Sacks and Sugar, let mee alone to pursue the sequell.

*Gra.* Follow it, away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*



## *Euerie Woman in her Humor.*

*Enter Hostis, Cittizens wife, Scrualus and  
Scillicet.*

*Hostis:* Come, come, bring them out of the ayre: alas good hearts, what rogorous villaine would commie with him? ile tell ye Gossip, hee's eene as kinde an animal, he would not wrong them yfaith.

*Citty wife.* Tush, feare nothing woman, I hope to make him so againe: alacke, alacke, how fell you out, all at head? oh Butcher I are ye hurt in another place?

*Hostis:* Did he not throw you against the stones? If he did, doe not conceale, I dare say you gaue them not a foule word.

*Scil.* By the illuminate welkin not a word, till my mouth was full of blood, and so made my words foule.

*Citty wife.* Is not this Gentleman hurt to?

*Serr:* Onelye the extrauagant Artire of my arme is brused.

*Cittie wi:* See, see, the extrauagant of his arme is bra-  
sed to, alas how could ye quarrell so?

*Serr:* I will demonstrate, in defence of the generouse youth, I did spugne, my aduerse let violently flie.

*Citty wife:* Ah good hearts I would I had stood between you when he let flie so violently.

*Ser:* We voide of hostile armes.

*Hostis* I, if they had had horses, they had san'd their armes.

*Serr:* Be capable, I meane, voide of armorie.

*Citty wife:* Vntill ye had had armor on.

*Serr:* Had I bene accompanied with my Toledo, or morglay——

*Cittie wife:* I, your Dogge or Bitch:

*Serr:* Continue I beseech, I meane my sword, sole lye.  
my sword:

*Cittie wife:* Or solely your sword, better a bad male  
then none at all.

*Ser:* In



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Serr.* In the concourse.

*Cittiew.* Nay, the concourse will light on him for it  
I warrant.

*Serr.* I, for the tuition of my Capitall, did mount my  
Semisphere three degrees, that as a strong & stony guard  
did defend my Capitall.

*Cittiw.* Twas well yee kept him out, for if hee had  
entred on your stony Guard, he wold haue spoilde your  
Capitall.

*Serr.* In fine being mortally assaile, he did preambu-  
late or walke off.

*Scil.* Yes faith, he did preambulate, and walke mee  
finely.

*Cittiew.* Good heartes, how many were there of them?

*Serr.* About the number of seauen.

*Scil.* I there was seauen.

*Serr.* Or eight.

*Scil.* Or eight.

*Serr.* Rather more.

*Cittiw.* I more at least I warrant ye.

*Hostis.* Alasse ye cannot chuse but be more hurt, but  
ile search you thoroughly be assured.

*Cittiw.* And if she cannot helpe ye, fewe can, shee  
knowes what belongs to a Tent or a bruse, and experi-  
ence is good in those cases.

*Serr.* I haue a concupiscent forme of trust in your skil,  
It will malladise.

*Cittiw.* I feare not, put both your concupisences in  
me for that matter.

*Serr.* The generous will disburse coynage for satis-  
faction of your metaphilicall endeouour,

*Scil.* Yes, yes, I will discharge all.

*Cittiewise:* Wee make no doubt of that, come into a  
chamber, ye shall lyedowne awhile, perhaps youle bee  
stiffe anon, then you shall vse your legges, the more you  
strive with it, the better, alas good hearts.

*Exeunt*

*E*

*Phy: Sol,*

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Phy.* Sol, sol, la, Tapster, giue attendance Gentlemen,  
I hope all we are friends, the welkin is skie colour still,  
and men must growe by degrees, you must pardon me,  
I must sp—speake my minde.

*Grac:* The vitermost of your minde at this time can  
not be offensive.

*Phy.* The fryer was in the sol, sol, draw the tother quart,  
I hope you are not angrie gallants? and yee come to my  
lodging, ye shall be welcōme, my Hostes shall bid you  
welcome: shee's a good wench, if I say the word, she wil  
fa-full fill it.

*Accut.* Sirra drawer, for the other thats a sleepe, let  
him so remaine: for the Dog let him be bound to a post  
for his appearance, till I take order for his vndooing.

*Draw.* The foole and the Dogge shall both take rest  
at your commaund Sir.

*Phy.* Gentlemen, I hope we are all friends, sol, sol,  
shals haue a catch?

*Grac:* I, come come, euerie one, catch a part. *Sing*

*Phy.* Hey good boies ifaith, now a three mans song,  
or the olde downe a downe: well, things must be as they  
may, fils the other quart, muskadine with an egge is fine,  
theres a time for all things, *bonos noctus.* *Sleepe*

*Grac.* Good night to you sir.

*Accut.* So, now *Graccus* see, what a polluted lumpe,  
A deformed *Chaos* of vnsteddy earth  
Man is, being in this ill kinde vnmād, seeming somthing  
Bestiall man, brutish animall: well tis thus decreede  
He shall be what he seemes, that's deade.  
For what, in him shoves life, but a breathing ayre,  
Which by a free constraint it selfe ingenders  
In things without life: as twixt a paire of bellows  
We feeble a forcible aire, hauing of it selfe  
Force & being, no more is this breathing block, (gation  
But for his vse in kinde: giue out in some burse or cōgre  
Among the multitude, *Philantus* death.  
Let all the customarie rights of funerall,

His

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

His knell or what else be solemnly obserued,

Ile take order for his winding sheete:

And further, to furnish it with further suertie,

Ile haue a potion, that for twentie houres,

Shall quench the motion of his breath.

Goe, spread, let me alone to effect it.

*Gra.* Ile sow it I warrant thee, thou talkst of burse, I haue away worth ten on't, ile first giue it out in my Barbers shop, then at my ordinarie, and that's as good as a broad: and as I crosse Tiber, my waterman shall attach it, heele send it away with the tide, then let it come out to an Oyster wenches eare, and sheele crie it vp and downe the streetes.

*Acut:* Let's first secure him from eyes, and at night he shall be portered to our chamber: so, now away.

*Grac.* Oh a couple that would, spread earely, let's giue it for loues sake.

*Enter Hostis & Cittizens wife.*

*Acut:* Call, call,

*Grac.* Hem, hem.

*Citty wife.* A pox on your hemmings, doe you think we care for your hemmings,

*Hostis:* Tis some stinking troublesome knaue I warrant ye.

*Citty wife:* Hang him, regard him not, theres hemming indeede like a Cat, (God blesse vs) with a burre in her throate.

*Exeunt*

*Grac.* Shart, how we are ript vp for this?

*Ac.* Oh man, this hemming is the most hatefulst thing, there's not the moste publique punck, nor worme-eaten bawd that can abide it, and honestie would runne madde to heare it, but come, wee wast, time, tis now about the mid of day, we must sowe arethmatike by the houres, that let the morrowes height *Philanus* awake againe, at which time hee shall bee on his Hearle, and all the Guestes of the Hobbye inuited

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

to accompany his ghost, when being awake himselſe, and all ſhall ſee, if drunkenneſſe be not mad miſterie.

*Grac.* But I prethee praſtiſe ſome milder behauiour at the ordinarie, be not a madman.

*Acus.* Puſh, ile bee all obſeruatue, and yet ifaith I grieue to ſee this double garded age, all ſide coate, all foole, ſye, thou keepeſt the ſports from the marke, away, and retunre what newes is now in progreſſe.

*Grac.* I haue the neweſt, Terentia Daughter to the olde Senate, thogh Lentulus left the field to come to her, yet ſhe hath forſaken him in the open field, and ſhee's for our young Oratour Tully, ſhe has vowd by *Kenns* legge, and the little God of Loue, he ſhal be her captaine, ſheele ſerue vnder him till death vs depart, and thereto I plight theemy troth.

*Acus.* More Ladies Terentias, I crie ſtill,  
That priſe a Saint before a Silken foole,  
She that loues true learning and pompe diſdaines,  
Treades on Tartarus, and Olimpus gaines.

*Grac.* I marrie, but then would learning be in colours proud, proud, then would not foure nobles purchaſe a benefice, two Sermons in a yeare.

*Acus.* I *Graccus*, now thou hitſt the finger right,  
Vpon the ſhoulder of Ingratitude;  
Thou haſt clapt an action of flat felony  
Now ill be tide that partiall iudgement,  
That doomes a far mers rich, adultus,  
to the ſupremacy of a Deanrie.  
When needie, yet true grounded Discipline,  
Is gouern'd with a threed bare Vycarage.

*Grac.* I, thou ſpeak'ſt well of their ſides that are liberally ouerſeene in the ſciences, I take no hold on't, but were all men of thy minde, then would euerie Schoole-maſter bee a Senate, and there would neuer come Cobler to be Conſtable againe.

*Acus.* Ynough, ynough *Graccus*, let ſilence ſcale vp  
Our ſecret thoughts, and libertie ſay,

*Virtus*



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Virtus sola summa gloria,  
Que format homines, vera honorè.*

*Exeunt*

*Enter Flaminius and Tully.*

*Flam.* Goe to I say, vrge no more, tis Tauerne talk, for  
Tauerners Table talke for all, the vomit of rumor: what  
newes saies one? none so new as this, *Tully* shall be mar-  
ried to *Terentia*: what newes saies another? the same, the  
same, whose consent haue ye? not mine, I deny it, I must  
knowe of it, ile haue a hand, goe to, no more.

*Tul.* Gentle sir,  
Lay not that leaden loade of foule reproach,  
Vpon so weake a prop, what's done is past recall,  
If ought is done, vnfitting to be done,  
The worst is done, my life must answer it.

*Flam.* I, you shall answer it in the Senate house, the  
Emperor shall knowe it; if she be my childe, I will rule  
her, ile bridle her: ile curbe her: ile raine her, if she will  
not, let her goe, starue, begge, hang, drawe, sinck, swimme  
she gets not a doit, a denaire, ile not owne her.

*Tul.* Reuerend Sir be more patient.

*Flam.* I am impatient: I am troubled: I am vext: I am  
scott: I am pointed at ile not endure it: ile not abide it:  
ile be reuenged, I wil; of her: of you both: proud boy:  
wanton giglot, a spying hautie, knowe your equals, shee's  
not for ye, if ye persist, by my holy maker you shall an-  
swere it, looke to it, you shall, you shall indeede.

*Tull.* I shall, I must, I will, I will indeede,  
Euen to the greatest I will answer it:  
If great mens eares be ope to innocency,  
If greatnesse be not partiall with greatnesse,  
Euen to the greatest I will answer it,  
Perhaps some shallowe censurer will say,  
The Orator was proud, he would climbe too hie;  
But heauen and truth will say the contrarie.

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

My greatest griefe is, I haue my friend betraide,  
The treason's done, I, and the Traitor's free,  
Yet innocent Treason needes not to flee,  
His loyaltie bids me abide his frowne,  
And he hath power to raise, or hurle me downe.

*Tere.* What ailes my Tully, wherefore look'st thou  
What discontent hath stopt the crimson current (sad?)  
Which ran so cheerefully within that brow,  
And makes it sullen like a standing pool?  
Tell me, who ist hath wrong my *Cicero*?

*Tul.* Oh wrong him not.

*Tere.* Who is it then that wrongs my Tully so?  
What hath *Terentia* ought offended thee?  
Doo'st thou recall thy former promises?  
Dost thou repent thee of ———

*Tul.* Oh wrong me not.

*Tere.* What hath my Father done this iniurie?  
There, there, thy thoughts accord to say tis so,  
I will deny him then, hee's not my father,  
Hee's not my friend will enuie *Cicero*.

*Tul.* Wrong not thy selfe.

*Teren.* What heauie string doost thou deuide vpon?  
Wrong not him, wrong not me, wrong not thy selfe,  
Where didst thou learne that dolefull mandrakes note,  
To kill the hearers? *Tully*,  
Canst thou not indure a little danger for my loue?  
The fierie spleene of an angrie Father,  
Who like a storme will soone consume it selfe,  
I haue indurde a thousand iarring houres,  
Since first he did mistrust my fancies aime:  
And will indure a thousand thousand more,  
If life or discord either liue so long.

*Tul.* The like will I for sweete *Terentia*,  
Feare not, I haue approoued armour on,  
Will bide the brunt of popular reproach,  
Or whatsoeuer.

*Tere.* Inough

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Ter.* Enough Tully, we are discouered.

*Fla.* Ye faith, are ye at it? what is there neuer a louing teare shed on neither side? nor you? nor you? *Tullies* are red, come, come ye fooles, be more breefe, I would haue buried three husbands before youle be married.

*Tul.* Why liues *Flavia* a Virgin still? (band

*Fla.* Because I haue vow'd virginitie til I can get a hus-

*Teren.* Why *Flavia* you haue many suitors.

*Flau.* Oh I am loaden with suitors: for indeede I am faine to beare with any of them, I haue a dumbe shewe of all their pictures, each has sent in his seuerall shadow, and I sweare I had rather haue them then the substance of any of them.

*Tul.* Can you not describe them in action?

*Flau.* Yes, and their action: I haue one honest man of the age of fortie five or there about, that traueses his ground threemile euerie morning to speake to mee, and when hee is come, after the saluting ceremony of how do you Lady, hee fallles to calculating the natinitie of the Moone, prognosticating what faire weather will follow, if it either snow or raine, sometime with a gentle pinche by the finger, intermixed with the valley of sighes: hee fallles to discoursing of the prise of pease, and that is as pleasing to me as a stinking breath.

*Tul.* A good description.

*Fla.* Another brings Letters of commendation from the Constable of the Parish, or the Churchwarden, of his good behauiour and bringing vp, how hee could write and reade written hand: further, desiring that his Father would request my Father that his Fathers Sonne might marrie my Fathers Daughter, and heele make her a ioynter of a hundred pound a yeare, and beget three or foure fooles to boote.

*Teren.* Better and better.

*Flau.* *Vsus promptus facit.*

*Famina*

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Famina ludifican'ur viros*, well, forward,

*Tul.* I haue another, that I prize derer then the rest, almost sweete youth, and if the winde stand with him I can smell him halfe a mile ere hee come at me, indeede hee wears a Musk-cat, what call ye it about him?

*Tul.* What doe you call it?

*Flau.* What ye will, but hee smells better then burnt Rosemarie, as well as a perfuming pan, and euerie night after his first sleepe, writes loueficke sonnets, rayling against left handed fortune his foe, that suffers his sweete heart to frowne on him so.

*Tul.* Then it seemes you graunt him no fauour.

*Flau.* Faith I dare not venture on him for feare hee should be rotten: giue me nature, not arte.

*Tere.* Here comes Lord *Lentulus*.

*Tul.* Swift danger now ride poaste through this passage, health to your honour.

*Len.* And happines to you.

*Tul.* Tis heauen's deere Lord, but ———

*Len.* Tush, tush, on earth, come, come, I know your suite, tis graunted sure what ere it be.

*Tul.* My sute craues death for treason to my friend.

*Teren.* The Traitor liues while I haue breath to spend, Then let me die to satisfie your will.

*Len.* Neither y faith, kneele not, rise, rise, I pray You both confesse you haue offended me.

*Both.* We doe, we haue.

*Len.* Then for this offence, be this your doome, *Tulley* must die, but not till fates decree To cut your vitall threed, or *Terentia*

Finde in her heart to be your Deathef-man?

*Flau.* Faith the Fates may doe as they may, but *Terentia* will nener finde in her heart to kill him, sheele first burie him quick.

*Len.* The like is doo'mde to faire *Terentia*, How say you both, are yee content?

*Teren.* My



## *Euerie woman in her Humor.*

*Tere.* My thoughts are plung'd in admiration.

*Tul.* But can your honour burie such a wrong?

*Len.* I can, I can, heere *Tully*, take *Terentia*,  
Liue many happie yeares in faithfull loue,  
This is no more then friendships lawes allow,  
Thinke me thy selfe another *Cicero*.

*Flau.* Twere better my Lord, you did perswade her to  
think you another *Cicero*, so you might claim some inter-  
est in her now and then.

*Len.* That I would claime with y ou, faire Ladie, hark  
in your eare, nay, I must conclude with you.

*Flau.* Y'oule not bite my Lord?

*Len.* No, of my faith my Lady.

*Tere.* Thus far my loue, our hopes haue good successe,  
One storme more past, my griefes were much the lesse.

*Tul.* Friendship it selfe hath beene more prodigal,  
Then a bolde face could begge vpon a friend.

*Len.* Why then, theres a bargaine.

*Flau.* Strike hands vpon the same, I am yours to com-  
maund.

Ile loue with ye, ile lie with ye, ile loue with all my heart,  
With all my strength, with all my power and vertue;  
Seald and deliuered in the presence of vs:

*Len.* *Marcus, Tullius, and Cicero.*

Then you deliuer this as your act and deede?

*Flau.* I doe, and seale it with this——

*Len.* Why well said, tis done, see, we begin but now,  
And are as ready to goe to Church as you:  
What needes further ceremony?

*Flau.* Yes, a little matrimony.

*Len.* I Lady, come *Tully* and *Terentia*,  
One day shall shine on both our Nuptialls,  
Feare not, ile quench the fire of your Fathers heate  
With my consent.

*Flau.* I prethee appoint the time.

*Len.* About a weeke hence loue.

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

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## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Flau.* Oh, tis too intollerable long.

*Lent.* Then foure daies.

*Flau.* Foure daies is foure times foure & twenty hours  
tha's too long too.

*Lent.* We cannot sooner be readie.

*Flau.* Yes and vnreadie too, in a day and a halfe.

*Lent.* Well then two daies.

*Flau.* Til then weele feede on conceite, *Tully* thanke  
me but for your companye, I would not carrie so long:  
come *Tully* since wee shall bee married all at one time,  
weele goe to bed so, and he shall be maister of the Cock-  
pit, that bids his Gossips first. *Exeunt*

*Enter Acutus and Graccus.*

*Acut.* Nay quicke *Graccus*, least our houre fore-stall  
vs, ile in and deale for your disguise, tarrie thou, & giue  
mine host a share of our intent, marry charge him to keep  
it as secret as his Garbage. Hee vndoes our drift and  
cloathes the foole in sack-cloath during his life.

*Gra.* Ile warrant thee ile manage it with as good  
iudgement as a Constable his charge.

*Acut.* And I mine as a watchman his office.

*Gra.* Better I hope: well about it. *Exit.*

*Host.* There, there, my little lackey boyes, giue the  
word as ye passe, look about to my guests there, score vp  
at the Bar there; again, agen my fine Mercuries; if youle  
liue in the facultie, be rulde by instructions: you must bee  
eyed like a Serieant, an eare like a Belfounder, your con-  
science a Schoolemaister, a knee like a Courtier: a foole  
like a Lackey, and a tongue like a Lawyere, away, away,  
my braue bullies: welcome sweete Signior, I cannot bow  
to thy knee. I'me as stout & as stiff as a new made knight,  
but if I say the word mine Host bids the Cobler——

*Gra.* May I craue a word of you mine Host?

*Host.* Thou shalt, whisper in mine eare, I will see and  
say little, what I say, dū the mouse & welcom my bullies.

*Enter*



## *Euerie woman in her Humor.*

*Enter Scilliet and Getica.*

*Scil.* By the torrid zone (sweet heart) I haue thought well of you euer since I loued ye, as a man wold say (like a young dauncer out of all measure) if it please you yfaith, any thing I haue promised you, ile performe it to a haire, ere to morrow night.

*Get.* I wounder I can heare no newes of my man, and my puppie.

*Scil.* Doe you thinke sweet heart, to be maried by day light or by torch-light.

*Get.* By night is more Lady-like, ile haue a cryer to crie my puppie sure.

*Scil.* What thinke ye if we had an offering?

*Get.* That were most base yfaith.

*Scil.* Base, siid I cannot tel, if it were as base as a sag but ile be sworne tis as common as a whore, tis euen as common to see a Bason at the Church doore as a box at a Playhouse.

*Get.* It greeues me not so much for my man, as for my puppie, my man can shift for himselfe, but my poor puppie, truely I thinke I must take Phisicke euen for feare sweete heart.

*Hof.* Tut, tut, I warrant thee, ile be as close as a bawd, ile keepe mine owne counsell, be merrie and close, merrie hart liues long, let my guetts take no wrong, & welcome my bullie.

*Exit.*

*Grac.* Theres none ment belecue it sir.

*Scil.* Signior, by the welkin well met, what, all three so luckely?

*Enter Serualus.*

*Ser.* Gallants, sauing the Ceremonie, Stroke your haire vp and admire, for sweare sacke.

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Scil.* Forswear Sacke, slid not for the spending of two farmes more, if they were come into my hands once,

*Ser.* I say be astonisht, and forswear sacke, for by the cumbustion influence of sacke. five men lye breathlesse, ready to be folded in the terrestiall element.

*Grac:* Five slaine with Sacke, ist possible?

*Ser.* These eyes are testators.

*Scil.* Nay then tis so.

*Getica:* Sir, you haue not heard of a puppie in your trauels.

*Grac:* No, indeed, Gentlewoman.

*Ser.* Five belecue me Sir.

*Acw:* Five of one, oh deuill! what limme of him but a complete Villaine,

A tongue prophaner then Idolatrie:

His eye a Beacon, fixed in his place:

Discouering illes, but hoodwinckt vnto grace,

Her heart a nest of vice, kept by the Deuill,

His good is none at all, his all, is euill,

*Hofis:* Oh the father, Gallants, yonders the most hard fauourd newes walkes the streetes, seauen men goeing to their graues that dyed with drinking and bisseling.

*Acw.* Good still, nay, then I see the deuill has some power ouer a woman more then a man, seauen! t'will bee more anon.

*Get.* Now I beseech *Bacchus* my puppie has not ouerseene himselfe.

*Scil.* This is verie strange.

*Hofis.* And as true a report I assure you.

*Cittie wife:* Out alas, where's my Gosip? oh woman! haue you not heard the newes?

*Hofis* Yes, I haue heard on't.

*Cittie wife.* Oh woman, did your childe childe euer see the like, nine men to bee buried too day, that drunke healthes last night.

*Acw:* Better and better, goodnes neuer mends so fast  
in

## Euerie woman in her Humor

in the carrying; nine!

*Cittie wife.* They say one is your guest *Philaninus*,

*Acnt.* And all I dare sweare, whome ile reuiue againe  
*Cittie wife* Well, he was a proper man yfaith,

*Hostis:* I, and had good skill in prick-song, yet hee had  
a fault in his humor, as none are without (but *Paritans*;) he  
would sweare like an Elephant, and stampe and stare  
(God bleste vs) like a play-houle book-keeper, when  
the actors misse their entrance.

*Scil.* Nay harke ye sir, I can brooke much iniurie, but  
not that, meddle with me, but not with my trade, shee is  
mine owne, shee's *mens, ihus, snus*, no mans else, I assure ye  
we are sure together.

*Grac.* Sure ye are together sir, but is your wife, your  
trade? you meane to liue vpon your wife then.

*Acnt.* The foole has some wit though his money bee  
gone.

*Grac.* Sir, I hope ye are not offended, I assure ye would  
be loath to offend the least haire of your *caput, fissiput, or*  
*occiput.*

*Scil.* *Occiput*: what meane you by *occiput*?

*Grac.* The former part of your head,

*Scil.* The former part of your head, why I hope I haue  
not an *occiput*, in the former part of my head, Signior *Ser-*  
*uinus*, what meanes he by it?

*Serr.* The signification of the word onely a mounts to  
this, the former part of your head.

*Acnt.* The foole is icalious, prethee feede it.

*Scil.* S'lid I cannot be so suffified, I pray you Signior  
what meanes he by *occiput*?

*Grac.* No hurt verely, onely, the word signifies, and the  
reason is (saith *Varro*) being a great deriuier from originals  
it is called *occiput*, for that the former part of the head  
looks likest the Oxe.

*Scil.* Likest the Oxe, by gad, if ere I come to talke with  
that *Varro*, ile make him show a better reason for it.

## *Euerie Woman in her Humor.*

*Grac.* But howsoeuer, it proceeded from me all in kinde.

*Scil:* Sir, I accept it so, for I tell ye I am of a mollifying nature, I can strut, and againe in kindnesse, I can suffer a man to breake my head, and put it vp without anger.

*Accit.* I claime that priuiledge sir, I thinke I offended you once that way.

*Scil.* Howe ye then for it sir, yet I cannot remember that euer a Tapster broke my head, yet I call to minde I haue broke many Tapsters heads.

*Accit.* Not as a Tapster, for I but borrow this habyt.

*Scil.* The fruite is knowne by the tree, by gad I knewe by your apornyewe a gentleman, but speciallye by your flat cap.

*Serr.* I call to memorie, let vs vnite with kinde imbrace.

*Cittie wife.* Now well fare your harts, by my truth tis ioy to a woman, to see men kinde, faith you courtiers are mad fellows, you care not in your humors to stab man or woman that standes in your way, but in the end your kindenes appeares.

*Hostis.* You can resolute vs sir, we hear of great reuels to be at Court shortly.

*Grac.* At the marriage of Lentulus, and the Orator; verie true.

*Hostis.* Might not a company of Wiues be beholding to thee for places that would be there without their husbands knowledg if neede were?

*Grac.* A moitie offriendship that, ile place ye where ye shall sit and see all.

*Cittie wife.* Sit, nay if there were but good standinges, we care not.

*About 8 foot Grac.* we tarric too long I seare, the houre wil ouer take vs, tarric thou and inuite the Guests, and Ile goe see his course mounted.

*Grac.* About it.

*Hostis.* Whethe



## Euerie woman in her Humor

*Hofst.* Whether goes that Gentleman?

*Grac.* About a needefull trouble: this gentleman

Hath at the charges of his charitie,

Prepared to inter, a friend of his,

Though lately entertained a friend of yours.

An acquaintance to you all, Philantus: and would desire

You would with him accompany his ghost

To funerall, which will be presently on his iourney.

*Citiz. w. f.* Of his charge, dyed he notable to purchase  
a Winding sheete?

*Grac.* Twere sinne to wrong the dead, you shal heare  
the iouentorie of his pocker.

In primis, A. brush and a Combe. ———— o ———— o ———— v. d.

Item, a looking Glasse. ———— o ———— o ———— i. d. ob.

Item, A case of Tobacco Pipes. ———— o ———— o ———— iij. d.

Item, Tobacco halfe an ounce. ———— o ———— o ———— vj. d.

Item, in money and golde. ———— o ———— o ———— iij. d.

*Summa totalis.* xix. d. halfe penny.

*Hofst.* What was his suite worth?

*Grac.* His sute was colde, because not his owne, and  
the owner caused it to be restored as part of recompence,  
hauing lost the principall.

*Acut.* What, are they readie: the Corse is on his iour-  
ney hetherwards.

*Grac.* Tush, two womens tungs giue as loud report  
as a campe royall of double cannons.

*Enter Host, Cornutus.*

*Hcst.* Tut, tut, thou art welcom, Cornutus is my neigh-  
bour, I loue him as my selfe, tha't a shoue to thy wife,  
gaue her tongue to much string, but let mine Host giue  
thee counsell, heele teach thee a remedie.

*Cornu.* No, no, my good Host, mum, mum, no words a-  
gainst my wife, shee's mine owne, one flesh & one blood,  
I shall feele her hurt, her tongue is her owne, so are her  
hands, mum, mum, no words against your wife.

*Host.* Tut

## *Euerie Woman in her Humor?*

*Host.* Tut tut, thou art a foole, keepe her close from the ponicarie, let her taste of no licoras, twill make her long winded: no plums, nor no parseneps, no peares, nor no Popperins, sheele dreame in her sleepe then, let her live vpon Hasel, giue her nuts for her dyet while a toothe's in her head: giue her cheese for digestion: twil make her short winded, if that will not serue, set fire to the pan, and blow her vp with Gun-powder.

*Cittie wife.* I, I, mine Host, you are well imployed to giue a man counsell against his wife, they are apt enough to ill I warrant ye.

*Cornu.* Mum, mum, my sweete wife, I know the world wel enough, I haue an eare, but I heare not: an eye, but I see not: whats spoake against thee, I regard not: mum, mum, I knowe the world well enough.

*Cittie wife.* I, and twere more seemely you were at your owne house too, your wife cannot goe abroad but you must follow, husbands must bee fringed to their wiues Petticoates, I pray you tarrie you, ile goe home.

*Cor.* Not so my sweet wife, I am gone, I am vanisht, mum, mum, no anger shall stirre thee, no words, I know the world well inough.

*Hostis.* Twere better by thrice deuce-ace in a weeke eue-ry woman could awe her husband so well as she.

*Gracc.* Ist possible, sfoot well, I thought it had bene but a fable al this while, that *Iole* shold make great *Hercules* spir on his thombes, & spin, but now I see, if a man were as great as *Cesar*, *Iulius*, or *Augustus*, or both in one, a woman may take him downe.

*Hostis* Gossip, faith ile vse a little of your counsel, but my husband is so fat, I feare I shall neuer bring him to it.

*Grac.* Now gentles, you that can prepare a few teares to shed, for now enters a sad sceane of sorrowe.

*Enter*

# Euerie woman in her Humor

27

Enter Fryer and course.

Fryer. Man is flesh, and flesh is fraile,  
The strongest man at length must faile,  
Man is flesh, and flesh is grasse,  
Consuming time as in a glasse.  
Now is vp, and now is downe,  
And is not purchast by a Crowne.  
Now seeds, and now we are sowne,  
Now we wither, now are mowen,  
Fratr noster heere doth lye,  
In paupertate he did die.  
And now is gone his *viam longam*,  
That leades vnto his *requiem eternam*  
But dying needie, poore and bare,  
Wanting to discharge the Fryer,  
Vnto his graue, hees like to passe,  
Hauing neither Dirge nor Masse.  
So set forward, let him goe,  
*Et benedicamus Domino.*

Phy. And then to *Apollo*, hollotrees, hollo, Tapster  
a few more cloathes to my feete.

*Omnes* Oh heauens!

*Acus.* Gentles, keep your places, feare nothing: in the  
name of God: what art thou?

Phy. My Hearse and winding sheete: what meanes  
this? why Gentles I am a liuing man.

*Acus:* Spirit thou ly'st, thou deludest vs.

*Citty wife:* Coniure him Fryer.

Fryer. *In nomine Domini*, I thee charge,

*Responde mihi* heere at large.

*Cuius pecus* whence thou art:

*Et quam obrem*, thou makest vs start,

Inspirits of the gloomy night?

*Qui Venis* huc vs to affright

G

Pa

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Per trinitatem* I there charge thee,

*Quid tu vis hic* to tell to me.

*Phy.* Why gentles, I am a liuing man *Philantus*, what instance shall I giue ye? heare me, I haue sight, vnderstanding, I know mine hostes, I see that Gentlewoman, I can feele.

*Scil.* Feele this Gentlewoman! s'ild if yee wereten Ghosts, ile not indure it.

*Accu.* Spirit thou deludest vs.

*Phy.* Why, what should I say? will ye heare my voice, heres none but——

*Scil.* Nay, thats a lye, then tis a liuing spirit, ile haue a bout with him.

*Accu.* Oh sir, meddle not with shadowes, spirit thou I saw thee dead, so did many more: (lyest, We know ye wandering dwellers in the dark, Haue power to shape you like mortallitie, To beguile the simple, & deceue their soules, Thou art a Deuill.

*Phy.* Sweet Gent, beholde I am flesh and blood, heres my flesh feele it.

*Citizens wife.* By my troth methinkes hee should be a lye, I could finde in my heart to feele his flesh. (lyes.

*Grac.* Trie with your Rapier *Accutus*, if he bleede hee

*Phy.* If I bleed I die, sweet Gentlemen draw no blood.

*Accu.* How shall wee knowe thou art flesh and blood then?

*Grac.* Take heede *Accutus* heele blast thee.

*Phy.* What instance shall I giue ye? I am *Phylantus*, he that must needs confesse he was drunk in your companies last day, sweet Gentlemen conceiue me aright.

*Accu.* Why true, true, that we know, and those sylling bowels,

Death did arrest thee, many saw thee deade,

Else needles were these rites of funeralls,

And since that time till now, no breath was knowing.

Flye



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

Flye from you: and twentie times the houre-glasse,  
Hath turn'd his vpside downe: and twer ty times  
The nimble current sand hath left his vpper roome,  
Toly beneath, since sparke of life appeard,  
In all which time, my care imploide it selfe,  
To giue the rights of buriall: now if you liue,  
Who so glad as I?

*Phy.* Sir, your loue hath showne it selfe abundant,  
but the colde aire is a meanes to deuorce me from your  
companies: mine host let me craue passage to my chāber.

*Host.* Out of my dores knaue, thou enterest not my  
dores, I haue no chalke in my house, my posts shal not be  
garded with a little sing song, *si nihil attuleris ihis Homere*  
*foras.*

*Accut.* Ha, how now man? see'st now any errors?  
Nay, this is nothing: he hath but showne  
A patterne in himselfe, what thou shalt finde  
In others: search through the Globe of earth  
If there mongst twentie, two thou doost finde  
Honester then himselfe, ile be buried straight,  
Now thinke what shame tis to be vilde,  
And how vilde to be drunk: looke round, where?  
Nay looke vp, beholde yon Christall pallace,  
There sits an vbiqutarie Iudge,  
From whome *arcana nulla abscondita.*  
That see's all, and at pleasure punisheth,  
Thou canst nor scape scot free, how canst thou?  
Why sencelesse man, in that, sinne will betray  
His father, brother, nay, him himselfe: feares not  
To commit the worst of euils: secure, if  
Thunder boultz should drop from heauen, dreading  
Nor heauen nor hell: indeede hss best state  
Is worse then least, prised at highelt rate.

*Ser.* This critique is hoarsh, vnsauerie, and reproofefal,  
avoyd him.

*Scil.* Hee speakes well, but I like not his dispraying.  
G 2 sing.

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

king of drunkennes: tis Phisicke to me, and it makes mee to sleep like a good horse, with my nose in the maunger, come sweete heart.

*Hostis* Signior Philantus I pray ye a word. *Exit*

*Acut.* How now, whispering? s'foot if they should giue our purpose another crosse point, where are wee then? note, note.

*Hostis*, Heere take the key, conuey your selfe into the Chamber, but in any case take heede my husband see you not.

*Phy.* Feare not: gentles, be thanks; the guerden of your loue, till time giue better abilitie, *Exit.*

*Acut:* Hal nays' foot, I must claw out another device: we must not part so, *Graecus* prethee keepe the sceane til I fetch more actors to fill it fuller.

*Gra.* But prethee let me partake.

*Acut:* Not till I returne, pardon me, *Exit*

*Hostis* By my troth gossip I am halfe sicke of a conceit

*Cittie wife.* What woman? passion of my heart, tel me your grieues?

*Hostis* I shall goe to court now, and attired like an old Darie woman, a Ruffe, holland of eight groates, three inches deepe of the olde cut, and a hat as farre out of fashion as a close placket.

*Cittie wife.* Why I hope your husband is able to maintaine you better: are there not nights as well as daies? does he not sleepe some times? has hee no pockets about him? cannot you search his breeches? anye thing you finde in his breeches is your owne.

*Hostis* But may a woman doe that with safetie?

*Cittie wife.* I and more, why should shee not? why what is his is yours, what's yours, your owne:

*Hostis* The best hope I haue is, you knowe my Guest Mistris *Gottica*, she has pawnd her Jewels to me already, and this night I look for her Hood, and her tyer, or if the worst chance, I knowe I can intreate her to weare my  
cloathes,

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

cloathes, and let me goe in her attire to Court.

*Cittie wife.* Or if all faile, you may hire a good suite at a Iewes: or at a broakers, tis a common thing and specially among the common sort.

*Enter Host and Constable.*

*Host.* To search through my house, I haue no Varlets no knaues, no stewd prunes, no she fierie phagies, my Chambers are swept, my sinkes are all scowred, the honest shal come in, the knaues shall go by, yet wil I maister Constable, goe search through my house, I care not a sheepes skin.

*Const.* We are compeld to doe it mine host, a Gentle mā is robd last night, & we are to search euery priuy corner.

*Host.* Mine host is true Mettall, a man of reputation, a true Holefernes, he loues iuice of grapes, and welcom maister Constable.

*Exit*

*Acut.* *Graccus*, how likst thou this?

*Grac.* Excellent, for now must he needes fall into the Constables hands: and if he haue any grace, twil appear in his face, when he shall be carried through the streete in a white sheet twill be a good penance for his fault. (not

*Hostis.* Now fortune fauour that my husband find him

*Cittie wife.* Heele be home mad, & neuer able to indure it: Why woman if he haue but as much man in him as a Maribone, heele take the burthen vppon his own necke, and neuer discouer you

*Hostis.* Alas heere they come, lets away Gossip. *Exiunt.*

*Grac.* Fortune my foe, why doost, &c.

*Acut.* Oh fye, that's bitter, prethe goe comfort him.

*Grac.* Faith he should be innocent by his garment: Signior, I grieue for this, but if I can help, looke for it.

*Phy.* I thanke ye sir.

*Const.* We must contaminate our office, pray regard vs as little as ye can. *Exit*

*Acut.* Me thinkes this shold put him quite out of tune: now so, let him goe, now to mine Host, theres he, and hee,

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

and he, theres shee, and she, ile haue about with all;  
& critiques, honnys sweetest, mixt with gal. *Exeunt*

*Enter Host Cornutus.*

*Host.* Goe to, there's knaues in my house, I know of no  
Varlets, I haue an eye has his sence, a braine that can  
reach, I haue bene cald Politician, my wife is my wife, I  
am her top, i'me her head: if mine Host say the word, the  
Moufe shall be dun.

*Corn.* Not so my sweet Host, mum, mum, no words a-  
gainst your wife, he that meanes to liue quiet, to sleep in  
cleane sheetes, a Pillowe vnder his head, his dyet drest  
cleanelly, mum, mum, no words against his wife.

*Host.* Thar't a foole, thar't a foole, bee rulde by mine  
host, shew thy self a braue man of the true seede of Troy;  
a gallant Agamemnon, tha't a shrew to thy wife, if face  
crosse thy braue humors, kicke thy heele at her huckle  
bone,

*Enter Accutus.*

*Acut.* Gentles, most happily encountred, how good  
hap hath turnd two labours into one, I was addrest to  
both, and at once haue met both, sure I must intreate that  
you must not deny.

*Host.* Say on my sweete bullie, mine Host will attend  
thee, speake roundly to the purpose and welcome my  
bullie.

*Acut.* Marrie thus: there are are great reuels & shews  
preparde to beautifie the nuptials of Lentulus and Tully,  
in which the Cittizens haue the least share, now would  
but you and some others that I shall collect, ioyne hands  
with me in some queint iest,  
Our shew shall deserue grace, and braue the rest.

*Host.* I haue thee braue spirit, tha't of the true seed of  
Troy, lets bee merrie and wise, merrie hearts liue long  
mine Host, my braue Host with his neighbor Cornutus  
shall bee two of the Maskers, and the Morrice shall bee  
daunc'd,

*Co. Not*



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

**Cor:** Not so mine Host, I dare not doe so, t' wil destemper my wife, my house will be vnquiet, mum, mum, I know the world well enough.

**Host.** Thou shalt goe saies mine Host, merrie hearts liue long, welcome bully, mine Host shall make one, so shal my Cornutus, for if I say the word the mouse shall be dun.

*Enter Bos with Porters.*

**Porters.** Saue ye mine Host, heeres a parcell of Corne was directed to be deliuered at your house.

**Host:** What ware my litle Atlas, what ware is it?

**2. Por:** I know not, but i' me sure tis as heauie as a horse and ——— (backe.

**1 Por:** I thinke tis a barrel of oyle, for it spurg'd at my

**Bos** It was oyle, for I drew the Tap.

**Grac.** What Bos, what makst thou heere?

**Acc:** Oh *charadrum, sibi hoc magnum bonis incrementum!*

**Bos** art there there?

**Bos:** As sure as you are there Signior.

**Grac:** Bos, will ye not forsake your Cabbin?

**Bos** Oh sir, he that has not a tilde house must bee glad of a thatchit house: may I craue a suite of you signior?

**Grac:** What suite Bos?

**Bos** What you please, beggers must not chuse.

**Accut.** Bos is growne mysticall, hee's too dark.

**Bos** I speake hebrew indeed like *Adam* and *Eue*, before they set to spinning: not a rag.

**Grac.** What, naked Bos?

**Bos** As ye see, will ye heare my suite signior?

**Gra:** Drunk & his cloathes stoln, what theef wold do it?

**Bos:** Any theefe sir, but no true man.

**Gra.** Wel Bos, to obtaine a suite at my handes, and to doe some pennance for your fault, you shal here maintaine an argument in the defence of drunkennes: mine Host shall heare it, be your oppoment, *Accus* moderator: wilt thou doe it.

**Host:** Amad meris prigall good spirits, wilt thou doe it

*Bos:* lle

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

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## *Euerie woman in ber Humor*

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thou doe it.

*(Bos?*

*Host:* A mad merrie prig, all good spirits, wilt thou doe it

*Bos?*

*Bos:* Ile

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Bos.* Ile doo't.

*Grac.* Seate yee, heres my place, now *Bos* propound.

*Bos.* Drunkennes is a vertue.

*Grac.* Your prooffe.

*Bos.* Good drinke is full of vertue,  
Now full of good drinke is drunke,

*Ergo*, to be drunke is to be vertuous.

*Grac.* I deny it, good drinke is full of vice,

Drinke takes away the senses,

Man that is senselesse is vitious,

*Ergo*, good drinke is full of vice.

*Bos.* I deny it still, good drinke makes good blood,

Good blood needes no Barber,

*Ergo*, tis good to drinke good drinke.

*Accu.* Hee holdes ye hard *Gracius*.

*Bos.* Heeres stronger prooffe, drunkennesse ingenders  
with two of the mortall vertues, and fixe of the lyberall  
sciences.

*Grac.* Let him prouethat and Ile yeeld.

*Host.* A mad spirit yfaith.

*Bos.* A drunkard is valiant and lyberall, heele out-face  
*Mars*, braue *Hercules*, and feares not the Deuill, then for  
the most part hee's sliberal, for heele giue all the cloathes  
off his backe, though hee weepe like a Widowe all the  
day following: nay, for the sciences, hee's a good phisitian  
hee vomits himselfe rarelie, and will giue any man els  
a vomit that lookes on him (if hee haue not a verie good  
stomacke) perfect in Geomitrie, for he hanges in the aire  
by his owne conceite, and feelles no ground: and hee's all  
musicall, the world turnes round with him, euerie face in  
the painted cloath shewes like a Fairie dauncing about  
him, and euerie spar in the house a minstrell.

*Grac.* Good: forward.

*Bos.* Then hee's a good Lawyer, for hees neuer with-  
out a *fierie facies*, & the leaste *Capias* will take his *habeas*  
*Corpus*: besides, another point of a Lawyere, heele raile  
and



## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

and raue against his dearest friends, and make the world think they are enemies, when the next day theile laugh, bee fat and drunk together: and a rare Astronomer, for he has st arrer twinckling in his eyes, in the darkeſt night, when a wiſe man diſcernes none in the firmanent, and will take great paines in the praſtiſe: for lay him on his backe in the open fields ouer-night, and you ſhall be ſure to finde him there in the morning: haue I ſed well, or ſhall I giue you a ſtronger prooſe? an honeſt man will be as good as his words: Signior Graccus is an honeſt man, *Ergo* I muſt haue a new ſuite.

*Accu.* The moderator concludes ſo, Graccus is ouerthrowne ſo far as the damage of a ſuite, ſo away with him, come, our fire will out, ſtrip vs, mine Hoſt and you wee expect your companies, we muſt craue abſence awhile, better to furniſhe our purpoſes: the time of the day to ye. (is dun.

*Hoſt.* Farwel my good bullies, mine Hoſt has ſed & the mouſe  
*Enter the dumb ſhew of the marriage, Lentulus, Tully, and the reſt.*

*Enter Hoſtis in Getticae apparel, Getic. in hers, & Miſtris Dama.*

*Hoſtis.* Come Goſſip, by my troth I cannot keepe my hood in frame. *Cittie wiſe.* Let me helpe ye woman.

*Get.* Sir, we ſhall be troubleſome to ye.

*Gra.* Oh vrge not that I pray ye.

*Get.* I pray yee what ſhowe will be heere to night? I haue ſeen the Babones already, the Cittie of new Niniue, and *Iulius Caſar* acted by the Mammets.

*Gra.* Oh gentlewoman, thoſe are ſhowes for thoſe places they are vſed in, marry here you muſt expect ſome rare deuice as *Diana* bathing her ſelfe, being diſcouered or occulated, by *Acteon*, he was traſfigured to a hart, & werried to death with his own dogs.

*Cit. w.* Tha's prettie in good truth, & muſt *Diana* be naked?

*Gra.* Oh of neceſſitie, if it be that ſhow.

*Hoſtis.* And *Acteon* too: tha's prettie if aith.

*Enter Caſar, L. m. Tully, Teren, Flauia.*

*Ceſ.* Now gallant Bridegroomes, and your louely Brides,  
Thathau ingeminate, in endleſſe league,  
Your troth-plight hearts in your nuptial voweſ,  
Tyed true loue knots, that nothing can diſolue,

H

Till

*Euerie woman in her Humor*

Till death that meager pursuuant of Ioue,  
That Cancels all bonds; we are to clowdie,  
My spirit a typtoe nothing I could chide so much,  
As winged time that gins to free a passage,  
To his turrent glasse, and crops our day-light.  
That mistie night will summon vs to rest,  
Before we feele the burthen of our ey-lids.  
The time is readions, wants varietie,  
But that I may shew what delightfull raptures,  
Combats my soule, to see this vnion,  
And with what boundles ioy I doe imbrace it.  
We heere commaund all prison gates flye ope,  
Freeing all prisoners, (traitors all except,  
That poore mens prayers may increase our daies,  
And writers circle ye with wreathes of bayes.

*Grac.* S'foot *Accutus* lets lay hold of this, to free our captiue.

*Accu.* Content; ile prosecute it.

*Tul.* Dreade soueraigne, heauen witnesse with me,  
With what bended spirit I haue attainde  
This height of happinesse: and how vnwillingly,  
Till heauens decree, *Terentias* loue, and your  
Faire consents, did meet in one, to make  
Me Lord thereof: nor shall it adde one scruple,  
Of high thought to my lowly minde.

*Tully* is *Tully*, parentage poore, the best,  
An Orator, but equall with the least.

*Lent.* Oh no doubt *Accutus*, be the attempt,  
My perill, his royall promise is past  
In that behalfe; my soueraigne, this Gentlemans  
Request, takes holde vpon your gationous promise,  
For the releasement of a prisoner.

*Cas.* My promise is irreuocable, take it: but what is hee and  
the qualitie of his fault?

*Accu.* A gentleman, may it please your grace, his fault suspi-  
tion, and most likely innocent. (ther

*Cas.* He hath freedome, and I prethee let him be brought hi-  
Perhaps in his presence we shall win some smiles,  
For I haue noted oft in a simple braine.  
(Only struiuing to excell it selfe),

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

Hath corrupted language that hath turnd  
To pleasant laughter, in iudicious eares:  
Such may this prooue, for now me thinkes  
Each minute, wanting sport doth seeme  
As long and tedious, as a feauer: but who doth knowe  
The true condition of this *Accentus*?

*Tully*: My Leige, of him something my knowledge,  
Can discouer, his spirit is free as aire,  
His temper temperate, if ought's vnueuen,  
His spleene waies downe lenitie: but how  
Stir'd by reproofe, and then hee's bitter, and like  
His name, *Acute*, vice to him is a foule eye-fore.  
And could he stifle it in bitterest words, he would,  
And who so offends, to him is paralell,  
He will as soone reprove the *Cedar* state,  
As the lowe shrub, *Enter Acute and Philant.*

*Phy*. Nay good *Accentus* let me not enter the presence:

*Accent*. Oh sir, I assure you your presence wil be more acceptable in the presence at this time, then a farre richer present:  
May it please your maiestie, this is the man.

*Cas*. Let him stand forward. *(stands forwards.)*

*Cit. w.* Alas we shal see nothing, would I were neere now hee  
*Cittie wife*. What qualities hath he *Accentus*?

*Accent*. Few good ones (may it please you) he handles a comb wel, a brush better, and will drink Downe a Dutchman, & has good skill in prick song.

*Hostis*. I, ile be sworne, he had when he was my Guest,

*Acute*: Please it your Maiestie to commaund him?

*Cas*. Oh, we can no otherwise so well be pleased.

*Phy*. I beseech your Maiestie, I cannot sing. *(of your skill.)*

*Tul*. Nay, your denyall will breed but greater expectation

*Accent*. I, I, please it your grace to heare? now he begins.

*Phy*. My loue can sing no other song, but still complaines I did her, &c. I beseech your Maiestie to let me goe.

*Cas*. With all our heart, *Acute* giue him libertie.

*Accent*. Goe, and for voice sake yee shall sing Ballads in the suburbs, and if euer heereafter ye chance to purchase a suite by what your friends shal leaue ye, or the credit of your friend, be not drunk again, & giue him hard words for his labour. *Exit*



## *Euerie Woman in her Humor.*

*Cas.* What, ist effected Gratce?

*Gra.* I haue wrought the foole, *Scillet* comes alone, & his Lady keeps the women company.

*Accu.* Tush, weele haue a room scantly furnisht with lights that shall further it. *Cas.* What so? and is that?

*Acut.* I, would ye so faine enter? ile further it: please it your Maiestie to accept what is not worth acceptance? heere are a company to Gratulate these nuptials, haue prepar'd a show, I feare not worth the sight, if you shall deeme to giue them the beholding of it.

*Cas.* Else should we wrong their kindnes much: *Accutus*, be it your care to giue them kindest welcome, we cannot recompence their loues without much beholdings.

*Acut.* Now for the cunning vizarding of them, & tis done.

*Hostis.* Now we shall beholde the shewes.

*Get.* *Alceon* and his Dogs I pray Iupiter.

*Enter the make and the Song,*

*Chorus.* birds in euerie bush

*The Blackbird and the Thrush*

*The chirping Nightingale.*

*The Maie and Wagtaile,*

*The Linnet and the Lark*

*Oh how they begin, ha ke, ha ke!*

*Scil.* Slid there's one bird I doe not like her voice.

*Sing againe & Exeunt.*

*Hostis.* By my troth me thought one should be my husband, I could euen discerne his voice thorough his vizard.

*Cittie wife.* And truly by his head one should be mine.

*Get.* And surely by his eares one should be my sweet heart.

*Cas.* *Accutus*, you haue deserued much of our loue, But might we not breake the law of sport so farre, As to know to whome our thanks is due,

By seeing them vnmaskt, and the reason of their habits?

*Acus.* Most willingly my Soueraigne, ile cause their returne.

*Hostis.* Oh excellent! now we shal see them vnmaskt. *Exit*

*Get.* In troth I had good hope the formost had bene *Alceon* when I saw his hornes. (not a wen in his fore-head.

*Cit. wife.* Sure the middlemost was my husband, see if he haue

*Enter*



## *Euerie woman in her Humor.*

*Enter Maskers*

*Host:* God blesse thee noble Cæsar, & all these braue brides  
groomes with their fine little dy-doppers, that looke before  
they sleep to throw away their maiden heads: I am host of the  
Hobbie, Cornut, is my neighbour, but wele pull of his beeper,  
thou't know me by my nose, I am a mad merie grig, come  
to make thy grace laugh, sir *Scilicet* my guest, all true canaries  
that loue iuce of gſapes, god blesse thy Maiestie.

*Acut.* How now mine Host?

*Host.* Ha, ha, I spie a iest, ha ha, Cornutus, Cornutus.

*Acut.* Nay mine host, heeres a moate in your eye to.

*Scit.* Sh'ld I hope they haue not seru'd me so; by the torridy are  
an asse, a flat Asse, but the best is I know who did it, t'was ei-  
ther you or some body else, for I was in no company of man-  
kinde else, by gad I remember it as wel as if it were done now.

*Host:* Thou shalt answere it to my leige, ile not be so misused,  
ye haue a wrong element, there's fire in my face, weele mou't  
and ascend.

I me misusd the mad comrades haue plaide the knaues,  
Iustice my braue Cæsar.

*Acut.* Ile answere ye mine Host: pardon greate Cæsar,  
The intent was merriment, the reason this:

A true brow bends, to see good things amisse,  
Men turn'd to beasts, and such are you mine Host  
See you this, this represents a beast,

That cannot see his shame, & such are you mine Host.

Ile show you else, you are a Goate, looke heere!

Now come you, this is your's, you know it, doe you not?

How old are you? are you not a Goate now?

Shall I teach thee how to vse a wife and keepe her?

In the ranke of goodnes linke her to thy soule,

Deuide not *individiuum*, be her and shue thee,

Keepe her from the Serpent, let her not Gad

To euerie Gossips congregation,

For there is blushing modellie laide out,

And a free reyne to sensual turpitude,

Giuen out at length and lybidinous acts,

Free chat, each giuing counsell and sensure.

## *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Capreammaritum facere*, such art thou Goate,  
Be not so secure; and you my graund Cornutus,  
Thou Ram, thou see'st thy shame a pent-house  
To thy eye-browes: doost not glorie in it, doost?  
Thou'lt lye in a Trucklebed, at thy wifes bed feete,  
And let her goe a Gossiping while thou sleepest the kitchin;  
Look, she shall witness against thee.

*Corn.* My wife there? I must be gone then.

*Accu.* Oh fie, betray not thy selfe so grossely:

*Cor.* I Pray ye pardon me. *Accu.* I dare not.

*Cor.* I sir, but afterward may come after claps,  
I know the world well enough.

*Accu.* Mischiefe of the Deuill, be man not all beast, doe not  
lye, —— both sheetes doe not.

*Cit. w.* I warrant this fellow has as many eies as a Lamprey,  
hee could neuer see so farre into the world else. (well ysaith

*Accu.* And thou pure asse, meere asse, thy eares become thee

*Scil.* I think you ment to make a Musition of me, you furnish  
me with a good care.

*Accu.* Thou deseru'st it, thou'nt make thy selfe a Cuckold  
be it but for company sake, thou hast long eares, and thinkest  
them hornes, thy conceites cuckolds thee, thou art iealous if  
thou see'st thy wifes —— With another mans palme.

And foole, thy state in that sence is the best: thou art claspt with  
simplicitie, (a great badge of honestie) for the poore foole has  
paund her cloathes to redeeme thy vnthriftnesse: be iealous no  
more, vnlesse thoult weare thine eares still, for all shall be well  
and you shall haue your puppie againe.

*Get.* Shall I? by my troth I shall be beholding to you then.

*Accu.* Now to ye all, be firmaments to stars,

Be stars to Firmaments, and as you are

Splendent, so be fixed, not wandring, nor

Irregular, both keeping course together,

Shine not in pride, and gorgeous attire,

When clouds doe faile, the pole where thou art fixt.

Obey, cherish, honor, be kinde enough,

But let them weare no changeable stufte,

Keepe them, as shall become your state,

Comely,

*Euerie woman in her Humor*

Comely, and to creepe ere they goe.  
Let them partake your ioyes, and weep with you,  
Curle not the snarles that dwel vpon these browes,  
In all things be you kinde of all enough,  
But let them weare no changeable stuffe.

*Host:* Fore God a mad spirit.

*Hostis* Will ye belecue, what such a bisket brain'd fellow as  
this saies? he has a mouth like a double cannon, the report will  
be heard all ore the towne.

*Cittie wifes* I warrant he ranne mad for loue, because no good  
face could endure the sight of him, and euer since he railes a-  
gainst women like a whot shot.

*Len.* Nay, nays, we must haue all friendes.  
Iarring discords are no marriage musick,  
Throw not Hymen in a cuckstoole, dimple  
Your furrowed browes, since all but mirth was ment,  
Let vs not then conclude in discontent.  
Say, shall we all in friendly straine  
Measure our paces to bed-ward?

*Tul.* Will Terentia follow?

*Teren:* If Tully be her Leader.

*Host:* Good bloods, good spirits, let me answere for all, none  
speake but mine Host, hee has his pols and his xdy pols, his  
times and his tricks, his quirkes and his quilits, and his demise  
and dementions, God blesse thee Noble Caesar, and all these  
braue spirits, I am Host of the Hobby, Cornutus is my neigh-  
bour: Graccusa mad spirit, Accutus is my friend, Sir Scillicet  
is my guest, al mad comrades of the true seed of troy, that loue  
iuiice of Grapes: we are all true friends, merrie hart: liue long,  
let the Pipers strike vp ile daunce my cinquepace, cut a  
loft my braue capers, whirle about my too, doe my tricks  
aboue ground, ile kisse my sweet hostesse, make a curtesie to thy  
grace, God blesse thy Maiestie, and the Moule shall be dun.

*Cor:* Come wife, will you dance?

*Wife:* Ile not daunce I, must you come to the Court to haue  
hornes set on your head? I could haue done that at home.

*Host:* I, I, be rulde at this time, what, for one merrie day wele  
finde a whole moone at mid-sommer.

# *Euerie woman in her Humor*

*Daunce.*

*Cas.* Gentles, wee thinke yee all, the night hath spent his youth, and drowfie Morpheus bids vs battell,  
We will defie him still, wee keepe him out  
While we haue power to doe it, sound your lowdest noise,  
Set forward to our chamber.

*Gra.* Aduance your light.

*Cas.* Good rest to all.

*Omn.* God giue your grace God night.

*Exeunt*

## FINIS











**IACOBUS** Dei gratia Magnæ Britanniae, Franciæ & Hiberniæ Rex, Fidei defensor, &c. Omnibus quorum interest hæc nostras legere, Salutem. **GENS SYLVIA** quæ a Sylvis ducit nominis originem, celebris est in multorum populorum monumentis, maximè vero apud Romanos, ubi & antiquitate habita est prima, & omnium in Republica honorum gessit insignia, diadematis particeps, & fascium, & purpuræ. Quum ea urbs Colonias in suum orbem duceret, ubique etiam sparsit familiarum cognomina: nec incredibile est quos & alibi, & in altera Hesperia *Sylvios* hodie habemus ab his esse primis parentibus: cupiditate mortalibus insita antiquitatis suæ decus servandi, cum in aliis vestigiis, tum maxime in cognomentis Majorum. Apud nos in Scotia Gens Sylvia, sive eò à Rectore populo olim commigrarit, sive aliunde advecta

fit (nam vastus transacti temporis hiatus absorpsit originis memoriam) in varias hoc tempore familias & domos divisa est, quibus suus cuique honos meritaque in patriam: omnes tamen una se cognatione fatentur contineri, & populari idiomate *Wood* à *Sylvis* retento nomine appellari consuevere, perpetuamque in gentilitijs insignibus testem ferunt & originis & nominis, **ARBOREM**, eo quo in huius diplomatis margine illa insignia appingi iussimus modo. Earum familiarum notissima una est in Scotorum historia **LARGOA**, sic dicta a loco in tractu Fifano, ubi avita ejus familiæ prædia ad Germanicum Oceanum jacent porrecta, nullius pænè rei indiga ad usus vitæ, paucis ab Andreapoli, illa litterarum officina, milliaribus. Tulit hæc domus viros magnanimos, quorum forti fidelique operâ sæpe usi sunt majores nostri, Scotorum Reges, temporibus difficilibus, quando & intestinis seditionibus & exterorum minis Majestas Principum periclitabatur, nulla tamen re claruerunt, magis quam militia navali, qua & hostibus invidendum extorserunt virtutis testimonium, & fluctuantes populorum suorum animos continuerunt in officio. Ex hac stirpe Sylviorum **Largoa**, multæ succrevire propagines, multi rami trunci illius unde pullularunt genium referentes, qui dum patriæ necessitas posceret, nulla domi defugerunt pericula; in pace autem, ne virtus otio torpesceret, in peregrinam ierunt militiam ad confœderatos nostros, quorum in auxiliis esse voluerunt. Eorum ex numero fuit vir nobilis *Thomas Wood*, qui flagrante Gallia civili bello, ad **HENRICVM IV.** fratrem heu quondam nostrum charissimum se contulit, ubi Regi illi magno innotuit perpetuus castrorum comes, perceptisque non paucis virtutis suæ præmiis tandem cessit fato, relicta ex conjugio filia, cujus gratia hæc testata volumus, cuique multis nominibus favemus, Domina *Oportuna Wood*, quam volupe nobis est audire ita se in omni vita gessisse; ut nobilissimæ familiæ neptem decuit, morumque integritate, industria & fide id consequutam esse quod perpauca contigit, ut perpetua floruerit gratia apud Serenissimas sorores consanguineas nostras, hanc Hispaniarum stirpis Gallicæ, illam Galliarum stirpis Austriacæ Reginam alterius nutrix, alterius cubicularia; intimis utrique & Serenissimæ Reginæ Matri chara ministeriis. Deo omnia præstantissimæ feminæ capta prosperante & conjugium ejus, quod faustis initii in Gallia omnibus utriusque sexus liberis beante, tribus jam filiabus nuptum datis, unâ in Gallia; duabus in Hispania, in familias non indignas **Largoa** domo & Sylviis majoribus. Ita cum omnia ad popularem nostram Dominam *Oportunam Sylviam* conspirarent ornandam, religio nobis fuit illi in nobilitatis testimonio deesse, veritate præsertim ipsa quæ diximus omnia firmante. Quæ tamen ut apud omnes majorem mererentur fidem, chirographo nostro magnum Angliæ sigillum addi iussimus. Datum è Palatio nostro Westmonasterii, die sexta Aprilis.

Anno Domini M. DC. XXIV.

Signatum sic, **JACOBVS R.** Et paulo inferius.

Ex mandato, **THO. RHAEBUS.**